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SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF *AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.*

THE author of the far-famed PIZARRO, of Drury Lane, has contributed his ſhare to the inſtruction and entertainment of the inhabitants of Britain. They in return, will naturally feel themſelves deſirous of knowing ſomething concerning an individual to whom they ſtand indebted; and, it is our intention, to gratify ſo laudable a curioſity. The merits of KOTZEBUE are great; in ſpite of the malignity of criticiſm, he poſſeſſes the power of captivating the imagination and impreſſing the heart. His characters are drawn from life, his ſentiments are, on the whole, juſt, and the language which he adopts is level to the meaneſt comprehenſion. Indeed he is the *dramatiſt of nature*; though not faultleſs in his pieces, we are always pleaſed with their tendency. Their benevolence and ſimplicity command our approbation.

This celebrated author has written his own life, or rather a *ſketch of his literary undertakings*. It has been

ably translated by Miss Plumptre, and is just published. To that work we must be indebted for materials in the present account, and our extracts shall illustrate the incidents detailed. The original life is extremely entertaining, being written with uncommon spirit and animation.

KOTZEBUE was born in the year 1761, at *Weimar*, a pleasing town in the Upper Circle of Saxony, in Germany. Losing his father at an early period, his mother took particular care of his education, and left no means unemployed which might serve to bring her son's powers to maturity.

Of his mother he speaks with great affection, and of his tutor Musæus, he expresses himself with rapturous enthusiasm. He seems to be impressed with the truth of an excellent old adage—"To God all-sufficient—to parents and to teachers no equivalent can be rendered." The person who acts indeed on this principle, shews both his good sense and his gratitude.

KOTZEBUE, in his Memoirs, dwells much on little things, persuaded that the fascinating trifles of early childhood serve to determine the complexion of our future lives. Hear his words on this curious subject—"Come forth then, ye enchanting images of youth, though the pictures ye exhibit scarcely seem to bear any resemblance to my present self! Come forth! delude my fancy, ye beloved shadows! Ascend ye sweet hours of infancy, as a thin vapour from the ocean of the past, and float once more before my eyes!—I stand upon the brink of the stream of time, and eagerly watch the current as it bears my flower along upon its surface. Even now I behold it glittering upon the back of a wave, for the last time ere it be plunged into the depth below, and lost for ever to my sight."

From his earliest infancy he was fond of reading; novels and plays were the food he ravenously devoured. *Don Quixote* and *Robinson Crusoe* were the principal favourites; speaking of the former of these works, with

with reference to the knight and his ſquire, he exclaims—"Ye are excellent companions, and moſt gladly did I receive you as my intimates, till the wonderful adventurous Robinſon Cruſoe thruſt you out. With irreſiſtible force did he, as a magnet, attract me toward him, as he attracts every other boy. To him I clung as to the choiceſt treaſure of my ſoul, and with him, under my arm, have frequently flown along the *Redway*, as it was called, to the threſhold of the ſtable, there, undiſturbed by the noiſe of my play-fellows, to accompany him in his *goat-huntings!* The hour for the evening beaver ſtruck, but I heard it not; the ſun ſet, yet I read on, till my eyes were weary with endeavouring in vain to read longer. O how anxiouſly did I then wiſh that fortune might one day throw me on a deſert iſland! How delicious did I find in idea the bread baked in the earth after Robinſon's faſhion, and the goat's fleſh dreſſed in pots of my own making!"

His love of poetry alſo was exceſſive, and his poetical inſpiration ſoon ſhewed itſelf. "Well do I remember," ſays Kotzebue, "my firſt attempt at writing poetry. I was ſcarcely ſix years old, and uſed to keep my manuſcript behind the looking glaſs with the rod. The poem was to be a deſcription of rural ſcenery, and the images were ranſacked from all the poets with which I was then acquainted. I well remember the two following lines, ſince they particularly delighted me, becauſe they ſkipped ſo prettily:

> The lark, aſcending, ſings;
> The ſheep ſkip upon the mountains!

I was not at all aware, however, that they were dactyls, and indeed they were the only lines of that meaſure in the whole poem. For many days together did I puzzle my brains to make all the other lines dance with equal agility, but in vain. The remainder of the poem was compoſed of heavy ſpondees, which I could not

alter, neither could I comprehend how it was poſſible to make verſes, either to creep on at a foot's pace, or gallop at pleaſure."

This poetical flight was quickly ſucceeded by an attempt to dramatize, for in the next paragraph he ſays: "Soon after I ventured on a firſt eſſay at dramatic writing. The fable of the Milk Maid, and the two huntſmen, had accidentally fallen into my hands, the favourite little opera on that ſtory was not then in exiſtence, or at leaſt was unknown to me. On this ſubject I wrote a comedy, which filled a whole octavo page! I was indeed ſenſible, that to bear any reſemblance to a real comedy, it ought to have been immeaſureably longer;—But where was I to learn the art of ſpinning my thread to a proper length?"

The next incident is truly ludicrous, but Kotzebue relates it with an unaffected ſimplicity. Poets are unaccountable beings—lo! a ſtriking inſtance of it—"My paſſion for poetry ſoon produced its *uſual* effect, of rendering my infant heart extremely ſuſceptible of tender impreſſions. My affections were now ardently fixed upon a very amiable young woman, even then grown up, and who afterwards became my aunt! On my *ſeventh* birth-day, the 30th of March 1768, I wrote a very paſſionate letter, addreſſed to this lady, upon the blank leaf of a drawing-book. I made her many tender reproaches for her cruelty in preferring the uncle to the nephew, vowed an unalterable fidelity to her, and concluded with requeſting permiſſion as the greateſt of all favours—*to kiſs her little delicate white hand!*"

But we muſt haſten to record circumſtances by which the mind of Kotzebue was highly gratified. Theatrical entertainments had long attracted his notice, they were the conſtant ſubject of meditation: the period now arrived when he was deſtined to be the ſpectator of ſcenes in which his ſoul was for a time abſorbed. His own words are too remarkable not to be tranſcribed; for the length of the quotation we make no apology:

"I come

"I come now to that period of my life when, from the circumſtances into which I was accidentally thrown, my future deſtiny was irrevocably decided, and I was doomed to experience all the pains and pleaſures that inevitably attend the dramatic writer. The deceaſed player, Abbott, came with his ſtrolling company to Weimar, and fitted up the riding-houſe as a theatre. Never within my memory had Weimar been viſited by any players, and my curioſity was excited beyond all bounds. It will eaſily be imagined, then, what tranſports I felt when Muſæus, the admirable Muſæus, who had always honoured me with his particular notice, and who at that time was Governor of the Pages, came one evening, and requeſted my mother to let me accompany him to the play.

"With a ſacred awe did I enter the theatre, an awe the Caſtle Church was never capable of inſpiring. The number of lights, the crowd aſſembled, the guards, the myſterious curtain, altogether raiſed my expectation to an unexampled pitch. The play was Klopſtock's *Death of Adam*. Muſæus let me ſtand upon the bench before him, that I might ſee over the heads of the other ſpectators. The curtain drew up: I was all eyes, all ears. Not a word, a look, or an attitude, eſcaped me. I was impatient if any one of the audience coughed or blew his noſe. I abſolutely ſtamped with my foot upon the bench if a troubleſome neighbour began to talk to Muſæus, who was too complaiſant not to anſwer him. No! alive as my heart has always been to powerful impreſſions, never did I experience any thing equal to the preſent.

"I came home almoſt ſtunned with delight. I was aſked, how I liked the play? Ah, my God! *liked!*—What a feeble word to deſcribe my feelings! I wanted ſome new mode of expreſſion coined on purpoſe to repreſent them: none of the old ones were ſufficiently forcible. Fain would I have painted in the moſt vivid colours all I had ſeen, in hopes to make others feel it as I did, but I was only convinced of the impotence of words to accompliſh my aim. I neither knew where to begin nor to end. I would have aſked no greater bleſſing of fate, than to grant that I might be preſent every night at ſuch a performance. Robinſon Cruſoe's iſland was no longer an object of deſire to me, for on that deſert ſpot there could be no theatre. It was totally incomprehenſible to

my mind how people could talk of the play with ſo much compoſure, and go on calmly and quietly with their avocations as uſuſal. According to my ideas, they ought all to have run about the ſtreets, like the citizens of Abdera, crying, "*Oh thou ruler over gods and men! Mighty, mighty* ABBOTT!" Did any one aſk my mother whether ſhe intended to go that evening to the theatre, and ſhe anſwered in the negative, that ſhe was engaged to take a walk, or ſomething of the like kind, "My God!" I thought within myſelf, "how is it poſſible that thoſe who can do as they pleaſe, ſhould prefer a walk to the play!"

"Inexpreſſible, therefore, were my tranſports, when not long after, a regular theatre was inſtituted at Weimar, under the patronage of the Ducheſs Amelia, that favourite of the muſes. The company was undoubtedly one of the beſt at that time in Germany, ſince the family of Seiler, Brandes, Böck, and the immortal Eckhof, were the principal performers.

"Eckhof! thou great and good man, I bleſs thy aſhes! Thou didſt aſſiſt to form my heart and underſtanding, to awaken many a noble feeling in my boſom, and by thy wonderful performances, to enrich my reaſon and fancy with ideas and conceptions that could only have been inſpired through ſuch a medium. Often when I have ſeen thee paſs by our houſe in a morning to rehearſal, dreſſed in a plain coat and an uncombed periwig, with a ſtooping unaſſuming gait, how have I been aſtoniſhed at reflecting that this was the ſame man who, in the evening when he walked the ſtage as a king or general, ſeemed born to command! Thy repreſentations of the human character, at thoſe moments, were to me a ſchool of wiſdom, while by thy conduct of the ſtage thou didſt inſtruct me how to ſeparate real merit from external oſtentation.

"As Richard the Third, Duke Michael, Odoardo, and Father Rode, Eckhof was unrivalled. Plays were performed three nights in the week, and my obtaining permiſſion to be preſent at them depended partly on my general good behaviour, partly on my particular diligence in my ſtudies. A French governeſs was in thoſe days chief arbitreſs of the ſupreme bliſs of my life. With her I uſed to read and tranſlate Madame de Beaumont's works, and every day had a teſtimonial home with me, conſiſting either of *bon*, *mediocre*, or the dreadful word

word *mal*. If the latter, adieu to all thoughts of the play for that evening, as my mother was never acceſſible to intreaties. How often, therefore, when Madame Louvel's pen was dipped into the ink to write the fatal word *mal*, have I taken her beautiful white hand, kiſſed it, and bathed it with my tears, till I could prevail on her to moderate the ſeverity of my ſentence at leaſt into a *mediocre!*

"My paſſion for the ſtage increaſed every day. As the theatre was entirely ſupported by the court, there was no paying for admiſſion, but a limited number of tickets were regularly given out. Thus, on feſtival days, when a new piece or ſome grand pantomime ballet was to be performed, and the concourſe of company who wiſhed to be preſent was conſequently unuſually great, it often happened that ſo inſignificant a perſonage as myſelf could not procure a ticket. But as my curioſity was on ſuch occaſions more ſtrongly excited than ever, I was obliged to have recourſe to ſtratagem for its gratification. Every avenue leading to the theatre, every corner of the houſe, was as well known to me as the inſide of my coat-pocket, even the paſſages under the ſtage were as familiar to me, as to the man that lighted the lamps. When I was hard preſſed for admittance, therefore, I uſed to ſtand at the entrance allotted to the performers, and ſlip in dexterouſly behind the guards. Then, to eſcape purſuit, I crept inſtantly under the ſtage, whence a little door led into the orcheſtra. Through this I got behind the great drum, which being ſomewhat elevated, completely concealed my little perſon, and here I could ſee the performance very commodiouſly.

"Would to heaven I had always ſhewn equal addreſs with reſpect to the great drama of the world! That I had never engaged in conteſts with malice and envy, which ſtand as guards every where, but had only ſtolen in behind them, nor venturing upon the ſtage myſelf, but remaining underneath it, or at leaſt in the orcheſtra, concealed by the great drum. Happy the tinimers of the lamps, who are never clapped or hiſſed, and who perhaps at home, as they repreſent a contented family-ſcene, can exclaim with Greſſet:

Une éternité de glorie,
Vaut-elle un jour de bonheur?

"I may

" I may venture to assert, that among all the frequenters of the theatre, old or young, I was always the most attentive. I need only adduce in proof of my attention, that I could repeat the whole of Lessing's Emilia Galotti by heart, without ever having seen the book. It must however be observed, and it is much to the honour of the taste then prevalent in Weimar, formed under the influence of an amiable and discerning princess, that Emilia Galotti was performed very frequently, and always to full houses. The part of Odoardo was played by Eckhof, and was undoubtedly his first character. Madame Mecour as Emilia, Böck as the Prince, his wife as Claudia, and above all, Madame Seiler as Orsina, united to do justice to this *chef-d'œuvre* of dramatic poetry. *The Grateful Son*, by Engel, was also in my opinion wonderfully impressive, and my reigning favourite next to Emilia Galotti. I soon persuaded my young companions to engage with me in performing both these pieces at our hours of play, and I alternately undertook every character.

" Nothing could equal the veneration with which I at that time regarded any actor, how moderate soever might be his professional talents. Could I but throw myself in the way of one off the stage, so as to hear him speak, I was transported in no slight degree, but if I could contrive only to speak a single word to him myself, my ecstasy exceeded all bounds, and I thought myself honoured beyond the common lot of mortals. Well do I remember how I used to go every Sunday to a person of the name of Hensel, to learn what plays were to be performed in the ensuing week, for at that time play-bills were not given out as at present. At home I made all things subservient to my theatrical mania. It was not enough for me to perform a pastoral drama occasionally on a birth-day, every new piece that fell in my way must instantly be murdered by myself and my corps. At length I obtained possession of Gerstenberg's Ugolino, an excellent drama, and well deserving of a much higher reputation than it has hitherto obtained. I regarded it as an inestimable treasure, since, as containing but few characters, I thought it admirably adapted to our private performances. It never once occurred to me, that though the characters were few in number, every one, to have justice done it, required an actor at the very head of his profession. I undertook

dertook the part of Anſelmo, and perorated it with all the fire of my ardent imagination.

"I mentioned above, the grand pantomimical ballets. Theſe were performed in a very ſuperb ſtyle at Weimar. With tranſport do I now recal to remembrance the brilliant repreſentation of Idris and Zenida, Orpheus and Euridice, Incle and Yarico, the Amazonians, and many others. The latter was not the leſs powerfully recommended to me, from the hints for it being furniſhed by Muſæus.

"Theſe ballets had the ſame effect upon my ſenſes, as the regular dramas had upon my feelings, and I ſoon deviſed means for imitating them alſo. I made myſelf a little theatre, firſt of wax, then of paper, and at length of wood. Thoſe among my youthful aſſociates who could paint, were employed upon my ſcenery, and my mother and aunt were ſet to work at patching pieces of ſilk together, to make dreſſes for my puppets. They danced their ſolo's, and pas de-deux by means of wires, and the lightning was made by *ſemen lycopodii* blown through a quill into the candle. Thus was every new ballet preſented to the public by Meſſrs. Koch and Schutz ſpeedily exhibited upon my private ſtage. The taſte for this kind of toy ſoon ſpread among the children at Weimar, and no long period elapſed before almoſt every boy had his Lilliputian theatre, while my vanity was not a little flattered by being conſtantly applied to for inſtruction in the uſe of the diminutive machinery. Oh! condemn me not, ye wiſe, for dwelling ſo long upon theſe childiſh ſports; the powerful influence they had on my future character, is ſurely a ſufficient excuſe for ſuch loquacity."

Theſe rapturous gratifications of our dramatiſt were ſuddenly terminated by a dreadful fire, which laid the theatre of Weimar in aſhes. The company of players were therefore diſmiſſed, and retired to Gotha. "O how many a ſhower of bitter tears," ſays Kotzebue, "did I ſhed at their departure!"

While at ſchool at Weimar, the ardour of emulation glowed in his breaſt. Praiſe elevated him to an unuſual pitch of exultation. Among his ſchool-fellows he was deſirous of diſtinguiſhing himſelf in no ordinary degree. His

His pieces, however imperfect, were written with ſpirit, and delivered with the fire of genuine oratory.

At the age of *ſixteen* years he became a ſtudent of the great academy at Jena. Here Horace and Terence were carefully ſtudied, and the French language occupied much of his attention. Nor did he forget to frequent a private theatre, where he often acted plays with peculiar animation. Poetry alſo he ſtill cultivated with unremitting induſtry. Upon the marriage of his ſiſter he accompanied her to Duiſburg upon the Rhine; nor did he return for ſome time to Jena. When he came back, he applied to the ſtudy of the law. This place, however, he left for Weimar, in his eighteenth year, where he continued his attention to the law, and having been examined, was admitted as an advocate. "Here," he ſays, "while I was waiting for clients, I continued to be myſelf a zealous client of the muſes."

In 1781 he went to Peterſburgh, being appointed to an office under the Ruſſian government. This ſituation did not oblige him to deſert the muſes; his love for them was not to be thus rudely extinguiſhed. Here a bookſeller perſuaded him to write *Fables for Young Princes*—four ſheets of them were thrown off on the fineſt vellum paper, with a copper plate to each, when the author made a diſcovery that they did not riſe above mediocrity! Accordingly he made the bookſeller a compenſation, and conſigned the work to oblivion. On this procedure he exclaims—"Oh ye! who have ſo often and ſo bitterly reproached me with vanity, now behold I give you the lie. The re-purchaſe of my *Fables* coſt me many hundred roubles; but my ſelf-love never breathed a ſingle ſigh over their deſtruction." Soon after he was appointed Preſident of the High College of Juſtice at Revel, a place, the vicinity of which abounds with foreſts and moraſſes. Alluding to the treatment he has ſince received by a conſpiracy againſt his fame and reputation, he breaks forth into the following eloquent apoſtrophe—

"Ye

"Ye worthy! ye excellent people among whom I then lived! In your circle I learned that mortal man may be far happier in such a spot, though surrounded by the growling of bears and the howling of wolves, than in the midst of polished society, environed by the honied tongues of hypocrites and flatterers. Your forests were inhabited by beasts of prey, but calumny dwelt not in their dens; frogs and toads croaked in your morasses, but envy had not reared her altar in the midst of them. The lime-trees indeed, assumed not their lovely verdure, till the spring was far advanced, and the roses were even more tardy in unfolding their sweets, but innocence and joy were perennial plants in your gardens. The soil was sparing of its fruits, but benevolence needs not abundance! A groschen * is a rich present, when moistened with the tear of sympathy, and a Louis d'or has no value without it. O fleeting time! scatter if thou wilt the rest of these pages to the winds of heaven, only let this one—this on which I now inscribe the beloved names of Frederick and Sophia Helena Rose—let this one remain untouched! for thou wouldst snatch it from the altar of virtue and affection, on which I place it as an offering of gratitude."

In 1787 our author suffered a severe fit of illness, which was likely to settle in a confirmed melancholy. The Pyrmont waters contributed to his restoration.

During the year 1790 he lost a beloved wife, by which catastrophe he was almost distracted. To alleviate his distress, he instantly quitted the place where she died, and fled to Paris. Of this melancholy circumstance, and of his journey, he has published an affecting narrative, entitled *My Flight to Paris*. This piece is translated by Miss Plumptre, and added to his life. It is a beautiful composition, and cannot be read without

* A small coin, worth two-pence in English money.—TRANSLATOR.

exciting

exciting the tendereſt emotions of ſympathy. The *Preface* to this work is of ſo original a caſt, and reflects ſo much honour on the feelings of its celebrated author, that we cannot refrain from introducing it to our readers. It will ſerve to illuſtrate the character of the renowned KOTZEBUE, more than any thing which we ourſelves can put to paper on the ſubject.

" Dearеſt Reader,

" I do not pretend to conſider this little work as likely to be uſeful, perhaps it may not be even entertaining. I write it to ſooth the anguiſh of my ſoul—I write it in the moſt wretched moments of my life. The loſs of a wife whom I loved inexpreſſibly, drove me forth into the wide world. I fled the place where my repoſe was buried for ever—whence angels had claimed a ſiſter's preſence among themſelves. Ah! the place I could fly, but the image of my Frederica followed me every where, and only in death, when I ſhall preſs the original again to my boſom, will it forſake me.

" 'Tis become a matter of indiſpenſible neceſſity to my heart to be always talking or writing of her. The hope of allaying my anguiſh has placed the pen in my hand—but the form of my beloved wife hovers over the paper; I know not what I ſhall write, yet I ſee plainly it will be only of her.

" Ye, who have hearts capable of ſympathy!—Ye, who have ſometimes dropped a tear at the repreſentation of my dramas! if ever I acquired merit in your eyes, reward it by weeping with me for my beloved Frederica!—Or at leaſt ſpare your cenſures if you take this book into your hands, and perhaps do not find in it what you ſeek. Indulge me with writing of her!—ſpurn me not if even the remoteſt object ſtill brings me inſenſibly to her!—Heaven preſerve ye all from experiencing a like affliction! yet if ever a ſimilar fate ſhould be yours, ye ſhall not intreat my compaſſion in vain.

" Every huſband who at this moment ſtill poſſeſſes his beloved wife, who can ſtill claſp her affectionately to his boſom, when he reads this and thanks God for the bleſſing yet ſpared him, I aſk not tears of him—yet even he may ſurely pity me! —But ye, whom a ſimilarity of fate draws nearer to me! ye, who have loſt a huſband or a wife, who are not yet forgotten, let

let us weep together! we are brethren! To such I make no excuse for writing a book solely for myself and a few friends, a book to relieve a wounded heart.

"I will at some time erect the fairest monument I can to my Frederica, but not here!—At present I am unequal to the task. When my mind is somewhat more composed, I will write the history of our love and of our marriage. What a moment will it be for such a heart as her's when I draw aside the veil that modesty threw over all her virtues—Oh, she was so truly, so inexpressibly good, not from cold reasoning and principle, but from the overflowings of a warm and affectionate heart! Her feelings were always noble, for there was not a place in her bosom that could harbour an ignoble thought. Her heart and hand were ever open to the relief of distress, she gave freely, and always as one human being should give to another, as though it had been to a brother or a sister.

"It was only last spring that on the first of April I indulged myself in a joke, which ended in still farther proving her benevolence. I wrote her an ill-spelt, illiterate letter, as from a poor widow living in a remote part of the town, with two half-naked children, and no bed to lie on, and who, having heard of her goodness, implored her assistance. The day was cold and windy, yet my Frederica ordered the carriage to be got ready immediately, and looking out some clothes and linen, set off for the place. I had run thither before;—I saw the carriage coming, but as it drew up to a house in the suburbs, I began to be afraid my trick was discovered. Oh no! she only stopped to buy some rolls for the hungry children, and with these, her bundle of linen, and two roubles in her hand, she proceeded to the house pointed out, where I met her. She was less angry at my boyish levity, than concerned that she was disappointed at doing a good action. Yet in the eyes of God it was performed!—Oh never will the first of April return without bringing tears into my eyes!—And this was only one instance out of ten thousand!—Such a wife I have possessed! such a wife I have lost!

"You, my cherished friends and acquaintance! You, to whom I have been able to write nothing but *my wife is dead!* You will receive this book with candour and kindness, since it will tell you what, and where I have been, ever since fate, while it spared my life, robbed me of all that made life valuable!

luable!—Alas! I once thought that I had loſt my greateſt treaſure when I loſt my health!—Oh how was I miſtaken! Even in the horrible winter of 1788, when I laboured under ſuch ſevere bodily ſuffering, ſtill with my Frederica by my ſide I taſted the ſoothing conſolation of domeſtic joy, not to be purchaſed by wealth or honours. For my ſake ſhe renounced all company, all diverſions, and conſidered it as no ſacrifice to confine herſelf entirely to my ſick chamber. If then I was but for a few minutes free from anguiſh, how ſerene was my ſoul! how deeply did I feel that all other happineſs is poor and weak when compared with wedded happineſs! One kiſs from my wife, one preſſure of her hand, made even my moſt nauſeous medicines ſweet.

"Thus was ſhe my ſole ſupport, when I was loſt to every thing elſe, and now I could again have enjoyed life with her as formerly, now ſhe is no more!—But ſhe was perhaps only a protecting angel ſent to ſave me—her errand is accompliſhed, and ſhe is returned to her bleſt abode—yet ſhe ſtill hovers inviſibly over me!—we ſhall one day be re-united!—Oh ſweet ſelf-flattery, forſake me not! in this hope alone can I find a balſam for my wounds.

"I know not by what name to call theſe effuſions of my heart. This ſhould be a preface—but what reſemblance does it bear to a preface? No matter! it ſpeaks of Frederica and my boſom is relieved!

"It was my deſign to ſtate to thee, compaſſionate reader, what thou wert to expect in this book. 'Tis a tour to Paris, yet has it no reſemblance to the common maſs of tours, ſince I ſaw nothing but my loſt wife!—ſhe followed me every where!—ſhe then muſt be almoſt my ſole theme!

"Yes, I was for awhile an inhabitant of Paris, but of Paris I knew very little. The principal occurrences during my ſtay there, I have noted down in the form of a journal. This employment has ſoothed my wounded mind, it has enabled me to ſhed tears, when my ſoul wanted ſuch relief. When I thought that beneficent ſource exhauſted, I ſat down to write, and it flowed again. My object is attained! my deſpair has ſubſided into a calm and gentle ſorrow!

"AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

Paris,
Jan. 1, 1791.

From

From this period KOTZEBUE was for ſome time unſettled in his place of abode, but not unoccupied in his favourite engagements.

After quitting the Empreſs of Ruſſia's ſervice, he was Director of the Imperial Theatre at Vienna. This province, however, he a few months ago reſigned, and now lives at Jena, a town in the Circle of Saxony.

His pieces have been numerous, and moſt of them well received. They have been tranſlated into various languages, and here in England they have been acted with a few alterations, and honoured by the moſt flattering tokens of approbation.

LIST OF KOTZEBUE'S PLAYS.

1. Count Benyowſki, or the Conſpiracy of Kamtſchatka, a Trági-comedy. Five Acts.
2. The Virgin of the Sun. Five Acts.
3. The Spaniards in Peru, or the Death of Rolla. Five Acts. This is a kind of ſequel to the Virgin of the Sun, and altered, conſtitutes the PIZARRO of Drury Lane.
4. Miſanthropy and Repentance. Five Acts.
5. The Natural Son. Five Acts.
6. The Reconciliation, a Comedy. Five Acts.
7. The Force of Calumny. Five Acts.
8. The Happy Family. Five Acts.
9. The Corſicans. Five Acts.
10. Count of Burgundy. Four Acts.
11. Adelaide of Wulfingen. Four Acts.
12. Falſe Pride a Comedy. Four Acts.
13. The Peeviſh Man, a Comedy. Four Acts.
14. The Negro Slaves. Three Acts.
15. The Eaſt Indian, a Comedy. Three Acts.
16. Poverty and Magnanimity. Three Acts.
17. Self Immolation; or the Sacrifice of Love. Three Acts.
18. La Perouſe, a Drama. Two Acts.

19. Noble Lie, a Comedy. One Act.
20. The Widow and Horſe, a Comedy. One Act.

KOTZEBUE has publiſhed, in Six Volumes, a Collection of miſcellaneous pieces, with this ſingular title, *The Youngeſt Offspring of my Fancy*. This is, it ſeems, to be continued; to what length it cannot be aſcertained. Theſe effuſions demonſtrate the wonderful fertility of this great man's mind. He has been denominated the *German Shakeſpeare*. Into the merits of this title we ſhall not ſtay to examine. From what we have laid before our readers in this Sketch of his Life and Writings, it appears that he is a phænomenon, exhibiting at once the union of genius and taſte, which will always excite and command admiration. He complains indeed of the effects of envy attempting to deſtroy his happineſs and blaſt his reputation. This is the common lot attendant on a high degree of proſperity. Providence ſeems to have determined that a tax ſhould be laid on all kinds of diſtinction; hereby the bad are checked in their career of infamy, and the good are taught patience and fortitude—leſſons neceſſary to the formation of their preſent and future felicity.

THE

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXXVIII.]

THE UNIVERSE.

A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

BY HENRY BAKER, F. R. S.

Thy works, Eternal *Power*, by whom ſhe ſings!
The *Muſe* attempts and tunes the ſounding ſtrings,
To heav'n and thee her adoration raiſe,
And form the ſong devoted to thy praiſe.

UNIVERSE.

ENDOWED with a capacity of tracing out the exiſtence and perfections of the Deity in the works of creation, we feel a pleaſure ariſing from ſo elevated a contemplation. Philoſophy is occupied in this reſearch, and poetry celebrates her diſcoveries in rapturous ſtrains. Nature is thus delineated in glowing colours—a paſſion for her beauties is generated, and we look around us with renewed delight and ſatisfaction. Hence NEWTON is revered for his profound inveſtigations, and THOMSON is admired for having preſented to us lively pictures of the creation in all its endleſs variety!

MR. BAKER was an ingenious and diligent naturaliſt, born towards the cloſe of the laſt century, and died 1774. He married the youngeſt daughter of the famous Daniel De Foe, who brought him two ſons, both of whom he ſurvived. MR. BAKER acquired a fortune by curing ſtammering, and by teaching deaf and dumb perſons to ſpeak. It is, however, to be regretted, that his art died with him, for he enjoined his pupils to inviolable ſecreſy. He was a very ſtudious man, and full of curious ſpeculations. He diſtinguiſhed himſelf by papers preſented to the Royal Society, from whom he received flattering marks of approbation. His poetical attempts alſo were various, and enjoyed conſiderable popularity. The poem before us did him much

credit. It paſſed through ſeveral editions, and has been admired for its ſcientific caſt and benevolent tendency. Indeed every thing that came from his pen deſerved attention, and reflects an honour on his memory.

The Preface to the poem ſufficiently diſplays the deſign for which it was written. The author reprobates that miſtaken but faſhionable notion, that all things were made for man. "The readieſt way," ſays he, "to check this abſurdity, would be to ſketch out a plan of the univerſe, that by obſerving the grandeur of the whole, man might be made ſenſible of his own littleneſs and inſignificance, except in the *very place* he ſtands." He again remarks—"Mean and ridiculous is that idea of the DEITY which limits his care to *man*. But how muſt the ſoul be filled with amazement, and love, and adoration, that conſiders him as the *impartial Parent* of the *whole univerſe*, and equally extending his beneficence to every one of all his creatures, according to the rank it bears. The primary intent of the Almighty in the exiſtence of *every being*, muſt have been to make it happy, and the relation in which it ſtands to every other creature, is only ſuch as is moſt conducive to the felicity of the whole. Every individual was made principally for its own ſake—the meaneſt inſect, as well as the proudeſt monarch. We *all* are FELLOW CREATURES."

After this explanation of the deſign of the poem, we ſhall preſent the reader with paſſages which will ſhew the manner of its execution.

The SUN and MOON, with their reſpective influences, are thus beautifully deſcribed:

Along the ſkies the SUN obliquely rolls,
Forſakes by turns and viſits both the poles.
Different his track, but conſtant his career,
Divides the times and meaſures out the year.
To climes returns, where freezing winter reigns,
Unbinds the glebe and fructifies the plains;
The crackling ice diſſolves, the rivers flow,
Vines crown the mountain tops, and corn the vales below!

When

When God appoints, the horned MOON renews
Her waning light, and her whole viſage ſhews,
Fulfills her courſe in circles yet unknown,
And cheers mankind with luſtre not her own.
Pale terror flies before her friendly ray,
The traveller, benighted, finds his way;
Her deſtin'd rule o'er ocean ſhe preſides,
And pours upon the ſhores the lagging tides!

Having thus delineated part of the *ſolar ſyſtem* with fidelity, he then breaks forth with animation:

Come forth, O MAN! yon azure round ſurvey,
And view thoſe lamps which yield eternal day,
Bring forth thy glaſſes—clear thy wondering eyes,
Millions beyond the former millions riſe,
Look farther—millions more—blaze from remoter ſkies?
And canſt thou think, poor worm! theſe orbs of light,
In ſize immenſe—in number infinite,
Were made for *thee* alone, to twinkle to thy ſight?
Preſumptuous mortal! can thy nerves deſcry
How far from each they roll—from thee how high?
With all thy boaſted knowledge, canſt thou ſee
Their various beauty, order, harmony?
If not—then ſure they were not made for thee!

The following addreſs to REASON is peculiarly impreſſive:

Hail ſacred REASON! glorious and divine!
Buſwark eternal of religion's ſhrine!
Truth's firmeſt friend, but ſuperſtition's foe!
To whom our whole of happineſs we owe!
What thou command'ſt, O let me ſtill obey,
And joyous follow—where thou lead'ſt the way!

Then the Poet proceeds to a delineation of the *planetary ſyſtem*, which is too pleaſing to be here omitted:

Obſerve how regular the PLANETS run
In ſtated times, their courſes round the SUN!
Different their bulk, their diſtance, and career,
And different much the compaſs of their year,

Yet

Yet all the ſame eternal laws obey,
While God's unerring finger points their way!
Firſt MERCURY, amidſt full tides of light,
Rolls next the SUN, thro' his ſmall circle bright;
All that dwell here muſt be refin'd and pure,
Bodies like ours ſuch ardour can't endure;
Our EARTH would blaze beneath ſo fierce a ray,
And all its marble mountains melt away!
Fair VENUS next fulfills her larger round
With ſofter beams and milder glory crown'd;
Friend to mankind, ſhe glitters from afar,
Now the bright ev'ning, now the morning ſtar!
More diſtant ſtill our EARTH comes rolling on,
And forms a wider circle round the ſun;
With her the MOON, companion ever dear!
Her courſe attending through the ſhining year.
See MARS alone runs his appointed race,
And meaſures out exact the deſtin'd ſpace;
Nor nearer does he wind, nor farther ſtray,
But finds the point whence firſt he roll'd away!
More yet remote from day's all-cheering ſource,
Vaſt JUPITER performs his conſtant courſe;
Four friendly *moons*, with borrow'd luſtre riſe,
Beſtow their beams benign and light his ſkies!
Fartheſt and laſt, ſcarce warm'd by *Phœbus'* ray,
Through his large orbit SATURN wheels away;
How great the change, could we be wafted there!
How ſlow the ſeaſons! and how long the year!
One *moon* on us reflects its cheering light,
There *five* attendants brighten up the night;
Here the blue firmament bedeck'd with ſtars,
There over-head a *lucid arch* appears:
From hence how large, how ſtrong the SUN's bright ball,
But ſeen from thence, how languid and how ſmall!
When the keen north, with all its fury blows,
Congeals the floods and forms the fleecy ſnows;
'Tis heat intenſe, to what can there be known,
Warmer our poles than is its burning zone.
Who there inhabit muſt have other powers,
Juices, and veins, and ſenſe, and life, than ours;
One moment's cold like theirs would pierce the bone,
Freeze the heart's blood and turn us all to ſtone!

Strange

Strange and amazing muſt the difference be
'Twixt this dull *planet* and bright *Mercury*;
Yet reaſon ſays, nor can we doubt at all,
Millions of beings dwell on either ball;
With conſtitutions fitted for that ſpot,
Where Providence, all-wiſe, has fix'd their lot.
Wond'rous art *thou*, O GOD, in all thy ways!
Their eyes to *thee* let all thy creatures raiſe,
Adore thy grandeur and thy goodneſs praiſe.
Ye ſons of men! with ſatisfaction know,
God's own right-hand diſpenſes all below;
Nor *good* nor *evil* does by chance befall,
HE reigns ſupreme, and HE directs it all!

This ingenious author then proceeds to conſider the UNIVERSE in its minuter parts. Accordingly the various animals, great and ſmall, are deſcribed—the BUTTERFLY affords a pleaſing ſpecimen—

See, to the ſun the BUTTERFLY diſplays
Its glittering wings, and wantons in his rays;
In life exulting, o'er the meadows flies,
Sips from each flower, and breathes the vernal ſkies,
Its ſplendid plumes in graceful order ſhow
The various glories of the painted bow;
Where love directs, a libertine it roves,
And courts the fair ones of the verdant groves.
How glorious now! chang'd ſince yeſterday?
When on the ground a crawling worm it lay!
Where ev'ry foot might tread its ſoul away.
Who rais'd it thence, and bid it range the ſkies,
Gave its rich plumage and its brilliant dyes?
'Twas GOD: its God and thine O man; and HE
In this thy fellow creature, let's *thee* ſee
The *wondrous change* which is ordain'd for thee!
Thou too ſhalt leave thy reptile form behind,
And mount the ſkies a pure ethereal mind,
There range among the ſtars all bright and unconfin'd.

The examination of the *works of nature* has been thought to be an employ of our future ſtate of being. To that period the ſenſible and pious Poet looks forward with peculiar pleaſure in theſe concluding lines:

O happy

O happy time! when ſhaking off this clay,
The human ſoul at liberty ſhall ſtray
Thro' all the *works of nature!* ſhall deſcry
Thoſe objects which evade the mortal eye!
No diſtance then ſhall ſtretch beyond its flight,
No ſmallneſs ſcape its penetrating ſight;
But in their real eſſence ſhall be ſhown
Worlds unexplor'd—*creations* yet unknown!

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XL.]

WALLER, THE POET, AND KING JAMES II.

THERE is a ſtory told of Mr. Waller, the poet, which does honour to his ſincerity. King James II. having ordered Mr. Waller to attend him one afternoon; when he came the King carried him into his cloſet, and aſked him how he liked ſuch a picture? "Sir," ſaid Mr. Waller, "My eyes are dim, and I know not whoſe it is;" the King anſwered, "It is the Princeſs of Orange." "I think," ſays Waller, "ſhe is like the greateſt woman in the world;" "Whom do you call ſo?" ſays the King—"Queen Elizabeth," replied the other. "I wonder Mr. Waller," ſays the King, "that you ſhould ſay ſo;" and added, "ſhe owed her greatneſs to her council, which was indeed a wiſe one." "And, ſir," ſays Mr. Waller, "did you ever know a fool chooſe a wife one?"

PENN.

WHEN Mr. Penn, the proprietor of Pennſylvania, and the moſt conſiderable man amongſt the Quakers, went to court to pay his reſpect to Charles II. That merry monarch, obſerving the Quaker not to lower his beaver, took off his own hat and ſtood uncovered before Penn; who ſaid, "Prithee, friend Charles, put on thy hat;

hat: "No," ſays the King, "Friend Penn, it is uſual for only one man to ſtand covered here."

CREDULITY.

A YOUNG ſtudent ſhewing the Muſæum at Oxford to a ſet of gentlemen and ladies, amongſt other things produced a ruſty ſword; "this," ſays he, "gentlemen, "is the ſword with which Balaam was going to kill his aſs." Upon which one of the company replied, "that he thought Balaam had no ſword, but only wiſhed for one." "You are right," ſays the ſtudent, "and this is the very ſword that he wiſhed for."

ON A TOMB STONE AT WIGAN, IN LANCASHIRE.

WEEP not my friends,
Nor *ſhed your tears*;
I muſt reſt here
Till Chriſt appears.

THE INDUSTRIOUS HUNTSMAN.

THE daily occupations of Mr. Elwes's huntſman, were as various and incongruous, and required as quick tranſitions of attention as any that can well be imagined. "At four o'clock he milked the cows, then got breakfaſt for Mr. Elwes and friends, then ſlipped on a green coat, he hurried into the ſtable, ſaddled the horſes, got the hounds out of the kennel, and away they went into the field. After the fatigues of hunting he *refreſhed* himſelf by rubbing down two or three horſes as quickly as he could, then running into the houſe to lay the cloth and wait at dinner; then hurrying again into the ſtable to feed the horſes, diverſified with an interlude of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight hunters to litter down for the night." Mr. Elwes (the Miſer) uſed to call this huntſman an idle dog, who wanted to be paid for doing nothing!

CHARLES

CHARLES THE TWELFTH,

WHOM the Turks, when incenſed by his diſobedience to the Grand Seignior, called *Head of Iron*, ſhewed early ſymptoms of his headſtrong nature, yet in his childhood, if his preceptor named but *glory*, any thing could be obtained from Charles. He had a great averſion to learning Latin; but when he was told that the Kings of Poland and Denmark underſtood it, he began to ſtudy it in good earneſt.

CHINESE MANDARIN AT PARIS.

THERE is a ſtory told of a Chineſe Mandarin, who paid a viſit to a friend at Paris, at the time when Paris was the ſeat of politeneſs. His well bred hoſt, on the firſt evening of his arrival, gave him a handſome ſupper, lodged him in the beſt bed-chamber, and when he wiſhed him a good night, amongſt other civil things, ſaid he hoped the Mandarin would, during his ſtay at Paris, conſider that houſe *as his own*. Early the next morning the polite Pariſian was awakened by the ſound of loud hammering in the Mandarin's bed-chamber; on entering the room, he found the Mandarin, and ſome maſons hard at work, throwing down the walls of his houſe. "You raſcals, are you mad!" exclaimed the Frenchman, to the maſons. "Not at all, my dear friend," replied the Chineſe man, ſoberly, "I ſet the poor fellows to work; this room was too ſmall for my taſte; you ſee I have loſt no time in availing myſelf of your goodneſs. Did not you deſire me to uſe this houſe *as if it were my own*, during my ſtay in Paris?"

FRIENDSHIP.

A friend ſhould always like a friend indite,
Speak as he *thinks*, and as he *thinks* ſhould *write*;
Searching for *faults*, as he would *beauties* find,
To *friendſhip* true, but not to *juſtice* blind.

A generous

A generous friendſhip no cold *medium* knows,
Burns with *one love*, with *one reſentment* glows;
One ſhould our *intereſt*, *one* our *paſſions* be,
My friend ſhould ſlight the man that *injures me*."

H. MORE.

DIRECTING POST.

THERE formerly was a directing poſt on the road near Haſlemere, which perhaps remains there to this day, with theſe words written on it, "*The road to nowhere!*" certainly more adapted to the capacities of the vulgar, than if it had been expreſſed—no thoroughfare.

ON A TOMB-STONE AT HALIFAX, IN YORKSHIRE.

Short was my life,
Yet live I ever;
Death hath his due,
Yet die I never.

THE EDUCATION OF A COW.

A GENTLEMAN riding near his own houſe, in Ireland, ſaw a cow's head and fore feet appear at *the top of a ditch*, through a gap in the hedge by the road's ſide; at the ſame time he heard a voice alternately threatening and encouraging the cow. The gentleman rode up cloſer to the ſcene of action, and he ſaw a boy's head appear behind the cow. "My good boy," ſaid he "that's a fine cow." "Oh faith! that ſhe is," replied the boy, "and I'am *teaching* her to get *her own living*, pleaſe your honour." The gentleman did not preciſely underſtand the meaning of the expreſſion, and had he directly aſked for an explanation, would, probably, have died in ignorance; but the boy, proud of his cow, encouraged an exhibition of her talents; ſhe was made to jump acroſs the ditch ſeveral times, and this adroitneſs in breaking through fences, was termed "getting her own living." As ſoon as a cow's *education* is finiſhed, ſhe may be ſent looſe into the world

to provide for herſelf, turned to graze in the pooreſt paſture, ſhe will be *able and willing* to live upon the fat of the land.

LINES PRINTED ON A BOARD OVER THE CISTERN OF WATER IN THE YARD AT THE BELL INN, KNARESBOROUGH, YORKSHIRE.

Woh ever dirtys this waetr hear,
Muſt forfit 6d. in money or bear.

PHILOSOPHICAL DELIBERATION.

In a cold winter's evening a philoſopher, in compaпy with ſome gentlemen and ladies, was taking a walk, a froſt ſucceeding a thaw, had rendered it dangerous walking, and the philoſopher, in turning a corner, met with a ſudden fall in the preſence of the ladies, which occaſioned a general laugh. The philoſopher, without the leaſt alteration of countenance, kept his ſeat; and after looking round him with the moſt admirable compoſure, expreſſively exclaimed with the poet, "Oh world, thy ſlippery turns!"

RUSTIC AMBITION.

A countryman, who had long kept a public houſe, well known by the name of the Hop Alehouſe, which derived its name from being formerly known for a dancing houſe, or twopenny hop; on a ſudden becomes the gentleman, and endeavours to thruſt his head into polite ſociety. His houſe was white-waſhed and painted; his rooms papered and hung with bells, and as ſociety civilizes and manners refine, he too muſt ſoar with the ſoaring. The idea of an ale-houſe became abominable; he muſt have a ſign, and deſpiſing the vulgar phraſeology of the country, muſt ſtile it the *Hop Inn*; but his painters not being the moſt correct orthographers in the world, ſpelt it the *Hop In*, ſo that it became a ſentence of invitation to the traveller, literally ſpeaking, pleaſe to *hop in*, gentleman.

THE

THE WILL OF *GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.*

In the name of God, Amen. I, George Washington, of Mount Vernon, a citizen of the United States, and lately President of the same, do make, ordain, and declare this instrument, which is written with my own hand, and every page thereof subscribed with my name, to be my last will and testament, revoking all others.

Imprimis—All my debts, of which there are but few, and none of magnitude, are to be punctually and speedily paid; and the legacies hereafter bequeathed are to be discharged as soon as circumstances will permit, and in the manner directed.

Item. To my dearly beloved wife, *Martha Washington*, I give and bequeath the use, profit, and benefit of my whole estate, real and personal, for the term of her natural life, except such parts thereof as are specially disposed of hereafter. My improved lot in the town of Alexandria, situated in Pitt and Cameron-streets, I give to her and her heirs for ever, as I also do my household and kitchen furniture of every sort and kind, with the liquors and groceries which may be on hand at the time of my decease, to be used and disposed of as she may think proper.

Item. Upon the decease of my wife, it is my will and desire that all the slaves which I hold in *my own right*, shall receive their freedom. To emancipate them during her life would, though earnestly wished by me, be attended with such inseparable difficulties, on account of their intermixture by marriages with the dower negroes, as to excite the most painful sensations, if not disagreeable consequences from the latter,

while both deſcriptions are in the occupancy of the ſame proprietor; it not being in my power, under the tenure by which the dower negroes are held, to manumit them. *And whereas* among thoſe who will receive freedom according to this demiſe, there may be ſome who, from old age or bodily infirmities, and others who, on account of their infancy, will be unable to ſupport themſelves, it is my will and deſire that all who come under the 1ſt and 2d deſcription, ſhall be comfortably clothed and fed by my heirs while they live; and that ſuch of the latter deſcription as have no parents living, or if living, are unable or unwilling to provide for them, ſhall be bound by the Court till they ſhall arrive at the age of twenty-five years; and in caſes where no record can be produced whereby their ages can be aſcertained, the judgment of the Court, upon its own view of the ſubject, ſhall be adequate and final. The negroes thus bound are (by their maſters or miſtreſſes) to be taught to read and write, and to be brought up to ſome uſeful occupation, agreeable to the laws of the ſaid Commonwealth of Virginia, providing for the ſupport of orphan and other poor children. And I do hereby expreſsly forbid the ſale, or tranſportation out of the ſaid Commonwealth, of any ſlave I may die poſſeſſed of, under any pretence whatever. And I do moreover moſt ſolemnly and moſt pointedly enjoin it upon my executors hereafter named, or the ſurvivor of them, to ſee that *this* clauſe reſpecting ſlaves, and every part thereof, be religiouſly fulfilled at the epocha at which it is directed to take place, without evaſion, neglect, or delay, after the crops which may then be in the ground are harveſted, particularly as it reſpects the aged and infirm: ſeeing that a regular and permanent fund be eſtabliſhed for their ſupport as long as there are ſubjects requiring it, not truſting to the uncertain proviſion to be made by individuals.

Item. To the truſtees (governors, or by whatſoever name they may be deſignated) of the academy in the town

town of Alexandria, I give and bequeath (in truſt) four thouſand dollars, or in other words, twenty of the ſhares which I hold in the Bank of Alexandria, towards the ſupport of a free ſchool, eſtabliſhed at and annexed to the ſaid Academy, for the purpoſe of educating ſuch orphan children, or the children of ſuch other poor and indigent perſons as are unable to accompliſh it with their own means; and who, in the judgment of the truſtees of the ſaid ſeminary are beſt entitled to the benefit of this donation. The aforeſaid twenty ſhares I give and bequeath in perpetuity; the dividends only of which are to be drawn for, and applied by, the ſaid truſtees for the time being, for the uſes above-mentioned: the ſtock to remain entire and untouched, unleſs indications of failure of the ſaid Bank ſhould be ſo apparent, or a diſcontinuance thereof ſhould render the removal of this fund neceſſary. In either of theſe caſes, the amount of the ſtock here deviſed is to be veſted in ſome other bank, or public inſtitution, whereby the intereſt may with regularity and certainty be drawn and applied as above. And to prevent miſconception, my meaning is, and is hereby declared to be, that theſe twenty ſhares are in lieu of, and not in addition to, the twenty thouſand pounds given by a miſſive letter ſome years ago; in conſequence whereof, an annuity of fifty pounds has ſince been paid towards the ſupport of this inſtitution.

Item. Whereas by a law of the Commonwealth of Virginia, enacted in the year 1785, the legiſlature thereof was pleaſed, as an evidence of its approbation of the ſervices I had rendered the public during the revolution, and partly, I believe, in conſideration of my having ſuggeſted the vaſt advantages which the community would derive from the extenſion of its inland navigation, under legiſlative patronage, to preſent me with one hundred ſhares, of one hundred dollars each, in the incorporated company eſtabliſhed for the purpoſe of extending the navigation of James River from

Tydewater to the mountains; and alſo with fifty ſhares of one hundred pounds ſterling each, in the corporation of another company, likewiſe eſtabliſhed for the ſimilar purpoſe of opening the navigation of the river Potomac, from Tidewater to Fort Cumberland; the acceptance of which, though the offer was highly honourable and grateful to my feelings, was refuſed, as inconſiſtent with a principle which I had adopted, and never departed from, namely, not to receive pecuniary compenſation for any ſervices I could render my country in its arduous ſtruggle with Great Britain, for its rights, and becauſe I had evaded ſimilar propoſitions from other ſtates in the Union. Adding to this refuſal, however, an intimation that if it ſhould be the pleaſure of the legiſlature to permit me to appropriate the ſaid ſhares to *public uſes*, I would receive them on thoſe terms with due ſenſibility; and this it having conſented to in flattering terms, as will appear by a ſubſequent law, and ſundry reſolutions, in the moſt ample and honourable manner; I proceed, after this recital, for the more correct underſtanding of the caſe, to declare, that it has always been a ſource of ſerious regret with me to ſee the youth of theſe United States ſent to foreign countries for the purpoſe of education, often before their minds were formed, or they had imbibed any adequate ideas of the happineſs of their own, contracting too frequently, not only habits of diſſipation and extravagance, but principles unfriendly to Republican government, and to the true and genuine liberties of mankind, which thereafter are rarely overcome. For theſe reaſons it has been my ardent wiſh to ſee a plan deviſed on a liberal ſcale, which would have a tendency to ſpread ſyſtematic ideas through all parts of this riſing empire, thereby to do away local attachments and ſtale prejudices, as far as the nature of things would, or indeed ought, to admit from our national councils. Looking anxiouſly forward to the accompliſhment of ſo deſirable an object as this is (in my eſtimation), my mind has not been

been able to contemplate any plan more likely to effect the meaſure, than to eſtabliſh an UNIVERSITY, in a central part of the United States, to which the youths of fortune and talents, from all parts thereof, might be ſent for the completion of their education, in all the branches of poiite literature, in arts and ſciences, in acquiring knowledge in the principles of politics and good government, and (as a matter of infinite importance in my judgment) by aſſociating with each other, and forming friendſhip in juvenile years, be enabled to free themſelves, in a proper degree, from thoſe local prejudices, and habitual jealouſies, which have juſt been mentioned; and which, when carried to exceſs, are never-failing ſources of diſquietude to the public mind, and pregnant with miſchievous conſequences to this country: under theſe impreſſions ſo fully dilated,

Item. I give and bequeath, in perpetuity, the fifty ſhares I hold in the Potomac Company (under the aforeſaid acts of the Legiſlature of Virginia), towards the endowment of an Univerſity, to be eſtabliſhed within the limits of the diſtrict of Columbia, under the auſpices of the general government, if that government ſhould incline to extend a foſtering hand towards it; and until ſuch ſeminary is eſtabliſhed, and the funds ariſing in thoſe ſhares ſhall be required for its ſupport, my further WILL and DESIRE is, that the profit accruing therefrom ſhall, whenever the dividends are made, be laid out in purchaſing ſtock in the Bank of Columbia, or ſome other Bank, at the diſcretion of my executors, or by the Treaſurer of the United States, for the time being, under the direction of Congreſs, provided that honourable body ſhould patronize the meaſure, and the dividends proceeding from the purchaſe of ſuch ſtock are to be veſted in more ſtock, and ſo on until a ſum adequate to the accompliſhment of the object is obtained; of which I have not the ſmalleſt doubt before many years paſs away, even if no aid or

encouragement be given by legiſlative authority, or from any other ſource.

Item. The hundred ſhares which I hold in the James River Company, I have given, and now confirm in perpetuity, to and for the uſe of Liberty Hall academy, in the county of Rockbridge, in the commonwealth of Virginia.

Item. I releaſe, exonerate, and diſcharge the eſtate of my deceaſed brother *Samuel Waſhington*, from the payment of the money which is due to me for the land I ſold to Philip Pendleton (lying in the county of Berkeley), who aſſigned the ſame to him the ſaid Samuel, and his ſon Thornton Waſhington, the latter became poſſeſſed of the aforeſaid land, without any conveyance having paſſed from me, either to the ſaid Pendleton, the ſaid Samuel, or the ſaid Thornton, and without any conſideration having been made, by which neglect neither the legal nor equitable title has been alienated; it reſts therefore with me to declare my intentions concerning the premiſes; and theſe are to give and bequeath the ſaid land to whomſoever the ſaid Thornton Waſhington (who is alſo dead) deviſed the ſame, or to his heirs for ever, if he died inteſtate; exonerating the eſtate of the ſaid Thornton, equally with that of the ſaid Samuel, from payment of the purchaſe-money, which, with intereſt, agreeably to the original contract with the ſaid P. Pendleton, would amount to more than a thouſand pounds. And whereas two other ſons of my ſaid deceaſed brother Samuel, viz. George Steptoe Waſhington, and Lawrence Auguſtine Waſhington, were, by the deceaſe of thoſe to whoſe care they were committed, brought under my protection, and in conſequence have occaſioned advances on my part for their education at College and other ſchools, for their board, clothing, and other incidental expences, to the amount of near five thouſand dollars, over and above the ſums furniſhed by their eſtate, which ſum it may be

be inconvenient for them or their father's eſtate to refund; I do, for theſe reaſons, acquit them and the ſaid eſtate from the payment thereof, my intention being that all accounts between them and me, and their father's eſtate and me, ſhall ſtand balanced.

Item. The balance due to me from the eſtate of Bartholomew Dandridge, deceaſed (my wife's brother) and which amounted, on the 1ſt day of October, 1795, to four hundred and twenty-five pounds (as will appear by an account rendered by his deceaſed ſon, John Dandridge, who was the acting executor of his father's will) I releaſe and acquit from the payment thereof; and the negroes (then thirty-three in number) formerly belonging to the ſaid eſtate, who were taken in execution, ſold, and purchaſed in on my account, in the year *(blank)* and ever ſince have remained in the poſſeſſion, and to the uſe of Mary, widow of the ſaid Bartholomew Dandridge, with their increaſe, it is my will and deſire, ſhall continue to be in her poſſeſſion, without paying hire, or making compenſation for the ſame, for the time paſt or to come, during her natural life, at the expiration of which, I direct that all of them, who are forty years old and upwards, ſhall receive their freedom; all under that age, and above ſixteen, ſhall ſerve ſeven years, and no longer; and all under ſixteen years, ſhall ſerve until they are twenty-five years of age, and then to be free; and to avoid diſputes reſpecting the ages of any of theſe negroes, they are to be taken into the court of the county in which they reſide, and the judgment thereof, in this relation, ſhall be final, and record thereof made, which may be adduced as evidence at any time thereafter, if diſputes ſhould ariſe concerning the ſame; and I further direct that the heirs of the ſaid Bartholomew Dandridge ſhall equally ſhare the benefits ariſing from the ſervice of the ſaid negroes, according to the tenor of this deviſe, upon the deceaſe of their mother.

Item.

Item. If Charles Carter, who intermarried with my niece, Betty Lewis, is not ſufficiently ſecured in the title to the lots he had of me, in the town of Frederickſburg, it is my WILL and DESIRE that my executors ſhall make ſuch conveyances of them as the law requires, to render it perfect.

Item. To my nephew, William Auguſtine Waſhington (if he ſhould conceive them to be objects worth proſecuting), and to his heirs, a lot in the town of Manchester, oppoſite to Richmond, No. 265, drawn on my ſole account, and alſo the tenth of one or two hundred acre lots, and two or three half-acre lots, in the city and vicinity of Richmond, drawn in partnerſhip with nine others, all in the lottery of the deceaſed William Byrd, are given; as is alſo a lot which I purchaſed of John Hood, conveyed by William Willie and Samuel Gordon, truſtees of the ſaid John Hood, numbered 139, in the town of Edinburgh, in the county of Prince George, ſtate of Virginia.

Item. To my nephew, Buſhrod Waſhington, I give and bequeath all the papers in my poſſeſſion, which relate to my civil and military adminiſtration of the affairs of this country—I leave to him alſo ſuch of my private papers as are worth preſerving; and at the deceaſe of my wife, and before, if ſhe is not inclined to retain them, I give and bequeath my library of books and pamphlets of every kind.

Item. To the Earl of Buchan I re-commit "the box made of the oak that ſheltered the great Sir William Wallace, after the battle of Falkirk,"—preſented to me by his Lordſhip, in terms too flattering for me to repeat, with a requeſt "to paſs it, on the event of my deceaſe, to the man in my country who ſhould appear to merit it beſt, upon the ſame conditions that have induced him to ſend it to me." Whether eaſy or not to ſelect *the man* who might comport with his Lordſhip's opinion in this reſpect, is not for me to ſay; but conceiving that no diſpoſition of this valuable curioſity can be

be more eligible than the recommitment of it to his own cabinet, agreeably to the original design of the Goldsmiths' Company of Edinburgh, who presented it to him, and, at his request, consented that it should be transferred to me—I do give and bequeath the same to his Lordship; and, in case of his decease, to his heir, with my grateful thanks for the distinguished honour of presenting it to me, and more especially for the favourable sentiments with which he accompanied it.

Item. To my brother, Charles Washington, I give and bequeath the gold-headed cane left me by Dr. Franklin, in his will. I add nothing to it, because of the ample provision I have made for his issue. To the acquaintances and friends of my juvenile years, Lawrence Washington and Robert Washington, of Chotanck, I give my other two gold headed canes, having my arms engraved on them; and to each (as they will be useful where they live) I leave one of the spy-glasses, which constituted part of my equipage, during the late war. To my compatriot in arms, and old intimate friend, Dr. Craik, I give my bureau; or, as the cabinet-makers call it, tambour secretary, and the circular chair, an appendage to my study. To Dr. D. Stuart, I give my large shaving and dressing-table, and my telescope. To the Reverend, now Bryan Lord Fairfax, I give a Bible, in three large folio volumes, with notes, presented to me by the Right Rev. Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man.—To General de la Fayette I give a pair of finely-wrought steel pistols, taken from the enemy in the revolutionary war. To my sisters-in-law, Hannah Washington and Mildred Washington, to my friends Eleanor Stuart, Hannah Washington, of Fairfield, and Elizabeth Washington, of Hayfield, I give each a mourning ring, of the value of one hundred dollars. These bequests are not made for the intrinsic value of them, but as mementos of my esteem and regard. To Tobias Lear I give the use of the farm which

which he now holds, in virtue of a leaſe from me to him and his deceaſed wife (for and during their natural lives), free from rent during his life; at the expiration of which, it is to be diſpoſed of as is hereinafter directed. To Sally B. Haym (a diſtant relation of mine) I give and bequeath three hundred dollars. To Sarah Green, daughter of the deceaſed Thomas Biſhop, and to Ann Walker, daughter of John Alton, alſo deceaſed, I give each one hundred dollars, in conſideration of the attachment of their fathers to me; each of whom having lived nearly forty years in my family. To each of my nephews, William Auguſtine Waſhington, George Lewis, George Septoe Waſhington, Buſhrod Waſhington, and Samuel Waſhington, I give one of the ſwords or cutteaux, of which I may die poſſeſſed; and they are to chooſe in the order they are named. Theſe ſwords are accompanied with an injunction not to unſheath them for the purpoſe of ſhedding blood, except it be for ſelf-defence, or in defence of their country and its rights; and, in the latter caſe, to keep them unſheathed, and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquiſhment thereof.

And now having gone through theſe ſpecific devices with explanations for the more correct underſtanding of the meaning and deſign of them, I proceed to the diſtribution of the more important parts of my eſtate in manner following:

Item. To my nephew, Buſhrod Waſhington, and his heirs (partly in conſideration of an intimation to his deceaſed father, while we were bachelors, and he had kindly undertaken to ſuperintend my eſtate during my military ſervices in the former war between Great Britain and France, that if I ſhould fall therein, Mount Vernon (then leſs extenſive in dominion than at preſent, ſhould become his property) I give and bequeath all that part thereof, which is comprehended within the following limits, viz.—Beginning at the Ford of Dogue Run, near my mill, and extending along the road,

road, and bounded thereby, as it now goes, and ever has gone since my recollection of it, to the Ford of Little Hunting Creek, at the Gum Spring, until it comes to a knowl, oppoſite to an old road which formerly paſſed through the lower field of Muddyhole farm; at which, on the north ſide of the ſaid road, are three red or Spaniſh oaks, marked as a corner, and a ſtone placed: thence by a line of trees to be marked rectangular to the back line or outer boundary of the tract between Thompſon Maſon and myſelf: thence with that line eaſterly (now doubly ditching with a poſt and rail fence thereon) to the run of Little Hunting Creek: thence with that run, which is the boundary between the lands of the late Humphrey Peake and me, to the tide-water of the ſaid creek; thence by that water to Potomac River; thence with the River to the mouth of Dogue Creek; and thence with the ſaid Dogue Creek to the place beginning at the aforeſaid Ford, containing upwards of four thouſand acres, be the ſame more or leſs, together with the manſion-houſe, and all other buildings and improvements thereon.

Second. In conſideration of the conſanguinity between them and my wife, being as nearly related to her as to myſelf, as on account of the affection I had for, and the obligation I was under to their father, when living, who, from his youth, had attached himſelf to my perſon, and followed my fortunes through the viciſſitudes of the late revolution, afterwards devoting his time to the ſuperintendence of my private concerns for many years, whilſt my public employments rendered it impracticable for me to do it myſelf, thereby affording me eſſential ſervices, and always performing them in a manner the moſt filial and reſpectful; for theſe reaſons, I ſay, I give and bequeath to George Fayette Waſhington and Lawrence Auguſtus Waſhington, and their heirs, my eſtate eaſt of little Hunting Creek, lying on

the River Potomac, including the farm of three hundred and ſixty acres, leaſed to Tobias Lear, as noticed before, and containing in the whole, by deed, two thouſand and twenty acres, be it more or leſs; which ſaid eſtate it is my will and deſire ſhould be equitably and advantageouſly divided between them, according to quantity, quality, and other circumſtances, when the youngeſt ſhall arrive at the age of twenty-one years, by three judicious and diſintereſted men; one to be choſen by each of the brothers, and the third by theſe two. In the mean time, if the termination of my wife's intereſt therein ſhould have ceaſed, the profits ariſing therefrom are to be applied for their joint uſes and benefit.

Third. And whereas it has always been my intention, ſince my expectation of having iſſue has ceaſed, to conſider the grand-children of my wife in the ſame light as I do my own relations, and to act a friendly part by them, more eſpecially by the two whom we have raiſed from their earlieſt infancy, namely, Eleanor Park Cuſtis, and George Waſhington Park Cuſtis; and whereas the former of theſe hath lately intermarried with Lawrence Lewis, a ſon of my deceaſed ſiſter, Betty Lewis, by which union the inducement to provide for them both has been increaſed:—Wherefore I give and bequeath to the ſaid Lawrence Lewis and Eleanor Park Lewis, his wife, and their heirs, the reſidue of my Mount Vernon eſtate, not already deviſed to my nephew, Buſhrod Waſhington, comprehended within the following deſcription, viz. All the lands North of the road, leading from the Ford of Dogue Run to the Gum Spring, as deſcribed in the deviſe of the other part of the tract, to Buſhrod Waſhington, until it comes to the Stone and three Red or Spaniſh Oaks on the knowl, thence with the rectangular line to the back line (between Mr. Maſon and me); thence with that line weſterly along the new double ditch to Dogue Run by the tumbling dam of my mill; thence with the ſaid Run to the Ford aforementioned, to which

I add

I add all the land I poſſeſs weſt of the ſaid Dogue Run and Dogue Creek, bounded eaſterly and ſoutherly thereby; together with the mill, diſtillery, and all other houſes and improvements on the premiſes, making together about two thouſand acres, be it more or leſs.

Fourth. Actuated by the principle already mentioned, I give and bequeath to George Waſhington Park Cuſtis, the grandſon of my wife, and my ward, and to his heirs, the tract I hold on Four Mile Run, in the vicinity of Alexandria, containing one thouſand two hundred acres, more or leſs, and my entire ſquare, number twenty-one, in the city of Waſhington.

Fifth. All the reſt and reſidue of my eſtate, real and perſonal, not diſpoſed of in manner aforeſaid, in whatſoever conſiſting, whereſoever lying, and whenſoever found, a ſchedule of which, as far as is recollected, with a reaſonable eſtimate of its value, is hereunto annexed, I deſire may be ſold by my executors at ſuch times, in ſuch manner, and on ſuch credits (if an equal, valid, and ſatisfactory diſtribution of the ſpecific property cannot be made without) as in their judgment ſhall be moſt conducive to the intereſt of the parties concerned, and the monies ariſing therefrom to be divided into twenty-three equal parts, and applied as follows, viz. To William Auguſtine Waſhington, Elizabeth Spotwood, Jane Thornton, and the heirs of Ann Aſhton, ſon and daughters of my deceaſed brother Auguſtine Waſhington, I give and bequeath four parts, that is, one part to each of them: To Fielding Lewis, George Lewis, Robert Lewis, Howell Lewis, and Betty Carter, ſons and daughter of my deceaſed ſiſter Betty Lewis, I give and bequeath five other parts, one to each of them: To George Steptoe Waſhington, Lawrence Auguſtine Waſhington, Harriet Parks, and the heirs of Thornton Waſhington, ſons and daughter of my deceaſed brother Samuel Waſhington, I give and bequeath the other four parts, one part to each of them: To Corbin Waſhington, and the heirs of Jane Waſhington, ſon and daughter of my de-

ceaſed brother John Auguſtine Waſhington, I give and bequeath two parts, one part to each of them: To Samuel Waſhington, Francis Ball, and Mildred Hammond, ſon and daughter of my brother Charles Waſhington, I give and bequeath three parts, one part to each of them; and to George Fayette Waſhington, Charles Auguſtine Waſhington, and Maria Waſhington, ſons and daughter of my deceaſed nephew George Auguſtine Waſhington, I give one other part, that is, to each a third of that part: To Elizabeth Park Law, Martha Park Peter, and Eleanor Park Lewis, I give and bequeath three other parts, that is, a part to each of them; and to my nephew Buſhrod Waſhington and Lawrence Lewis, and to my ward, the grandſon of my wife, I give and bequeath one other part, that is, a third thereof to each of them. And if it ſhould ſo happen, that any of the perſons whoſe names are here enumerated (unknown to me) ſhould now be dead, or ſhould die before me, that in either of theſe caſes, the heirs of ſuch deceaſed perſons ſhall, notwithſtanding, deviſe all the benefits of the bequeſt, in the ſame manner as if he or ſhe was actually living at the time; and by way of advice I recommend it to my executors not to be precipitate in diſpoſing of the landed property (therein directed to be ſold) if from temporary cauſes the ſale thereof ſhould be dull; experience having fully evinced that the price of land (eſpecially above the falls of the rivers and on the weſtern waters) have been progreſſively riſing, and cannot be long checked in its encreaſing value. And I particularly recommend it to ſuch of the legatees (under the clauſe of my will) as can make it convenient, to take each a ſhare of my ſtock in the Potomac Company, in preference to the amount of what it might ſell for, being thoroughly convinced myſelf, that no uſes to which the money can be applied, will be ſo productive as the tolls ariſing from this navigation when in full operation (and this from the nature of things

things it muſt be ere long) and more eſpecially if that of the Shenandoah is added thereto.

The family vault at Mount Vernon, requiring repairs, and being improperly ſituated beſides, I deſire that a new one of brick, and upon a larger ſcale, may be built at the foot of what is commonly called the Vineyard Incloſure, on the ground which is marked out; in which my remains, with thoſe of my deceaſed relations (now in the old vault) and ſuch others of my family as may chuſe to be entombed there, may be depoſited. And it is my expreſs deſire that my corps may be interred in a private manner, without parade or funeral oration.

Laſtly, I conſtitute and appoint my dearly beloved wife Martha Waſhington, my nephews William Auguſtine Waſhington, Buſhrod Waſhington, George Steptoe Waſhington, Samuel Waſhington, and Lawrence Lewis, and my ward George Waſhington Park Cuſtis (when he ſhall have arrived at the age of twenty years) executrix and executors of this WILL and TESTAMENT.

IN WITNESS of all and of each of the things herein contained, I have ſet my hand and ſeal, this ninth day of July, in the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and ninety—— * and of the independence of the United States the twenty-fourth.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. (Seal)

* It appears the teſtator omitted the word *nine*.

ON THE

BAD EFFECTS OF RICHES.

PROFUSION deluging a ſtate with luſts
Of groſſeſt nature and of worſt effects,
Prepares it for its ruin.

COWPER.

THE wiſer part of mankind ſeem to agree that real happineſs is only to be found where the affections are always accompanied by a ſerene tranquillity. It hence follows that thoſe who employ their exiſtence in queſt of diſſipated joys meet with the greateſt proportion of pains, diſappointments, and diſguſts.

One of our eminent Poets ſays, that virtue is "the ſtrength and beauty of the ſoul," a charming ſimile, and ſuch a one as offers a pleaſing field for comment; but we ſhall only infer that it is virtue which is the only ſolid proſperity, and the comfort and ſhield of adverſity. Having ſo done, we ſhall aſk, "*What are riches?*" and endeavour to define their effects.

Riches are only a vain ſomething, that claims the admiration of avaricious minds, a gaudy deception, unworthy of man's attention, and a falſely ſuppoſed deſirable poſſeſſion. Inſignificant as are riches, there are beings who degrade the human underſtanding by an unquenchable thirſt after pelf, acquired by guilt and baſeneſs. Ancient philoſophers have, in general, condemned riches as unneceſſary evils. Is it not evident that ſuperfluity exceeds the dictates of wiſdom and of nature? Not that adverſity is of itſelf deſirable, no! for it is a real affliction; yet reflect on the nature of adverſity, and you will perceive that this affliction is invariably the attendant on vice; indeed it may be found otherwiſe, according to the opinion of the world; but the world's opinion is falſe, "for the poor man that is grateful would be benevolent were he rich," conſequently

consequently the heart is the standard to judge by.—Who so poor as the miser?

Prosperity tends to make us vain, arrogant, and self-sufficient; yea, it not unfrequently happens, that the mind is so contaminated by wealth, as to render the possessor a sort of overbearing wretch, devoid of every finer feeling, callous to every charitable, generous, and noble principle. Worldly possessions are not requisite to constitute a good or happy man.

The immortal Milton has, in the following lines, so forcibly depicted the cause and effects of riches, that we need only lay them before our readers, without the least illustration:

——————Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven, for even in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd,
In visions beatific; by him first,
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell, that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane.

An inordinate desire for riches, banishes every exalted determination, which is the supporter of true liberty.

Still it cannot be denied that riches may be possessed with safety, and tend to the happiness of the possessor. But alas! we seldom find that people in affluent circumstances are actuated by a truly charitable disposition. Where are the pleasures arising from motives of ostentation?—Have not the opulent employments to intrigue for, and obligations to discharge? are they not obliged to perform duties of useless ceremony, and compelled to a continual

a continual reſtraint in their dreſs, action, and words, and to endure the inſupportable preſſure of idleneſs, the nurſe of diſcontent? In ſhort, there is no ſort of ſlavery by which they are not burthened; even their entertainments, ſumptuous as they may appear, are enjoyed with leſs ſatisfaction than the repaſts of the rural ſwain, who gratefully takes what nature gives, and in reality enjoys.

Country ſcenes abound with an elegant ſimplicity; grandeur! unknown to the miſerable great, who ſteal through life betwixt luxury and guilt. It is content that diffuſeth a charm that choaks the thorns of life. In the peaſant's hut we may find a calm ſerenity, a firmneſs of ſoul, and a ſweet compoſure of mind, unknown to thoſe in exalted ſtations—his daily toil becomes a delight; with cheerfulneſs he riſes at morn to reſume his peaceful labour, and returns at night to his happy cot; there finds his loved partner, his ſmiling children, a ſparkling fire, and the food of innocence. Theſe are joys ſuperior to the floating grandeur of a court, which is too often a cloak to cover wretchedneſs.

It is wealth that enables the community to gratify their inclinations—were it not ſo, we would hear fewer accuſations from the moraliſt, who juſtly ſtyles this an age of infatuation. The virtuous precepts of an Addiſon, a Johnſon, a Blair, &c. are peruſed with ſecret admiration; but alas! their noble admonitions are no ſooner read than forgotten.

Again, the conduct of the gay licentious proud is rarely influenced by prudent conſideration. Where then are the pleaſures of riches? or where that happineſs to counterbalance the black jealouſy and gloomy anxiety of the miſer, whoſe ſoul is ever racked with conſcious remorſe. A miſer is a ſort of groveling monſter, held in deteſtation. We might make a voluminous ſelection of incidents, which elucidate the deplorable

ble influence of riches; but why enumerate occurrences from hiſtory to prove their immoral and diſcordant tendency, when the preſent day preſents a ſerious field for obſervation. We leave it to the diſcerning politician to trace the various revolutions which have ſucceſſively plunged neighbouring ſtates into the horrors of war; let them aſcertain why the chain of ſociety becomes ſtained with *blood* and ruſted by corruption.

It is too melancholy a truth, that the proſpect of ſelf-advantage incites to actions unworthy of man's dignity. Why are Europeans ſo prone to cultivate inhumanity in the weſtern hemiſphere? and why do Britons arrogantly trample on that ineſtimable jewel which they ſo proudly boaſt of themſelves? The beſt families are apt to be contaminated by too frequent habitude to ſcenes of cruelty. In like manner do virtuous principles die away, when too much expoſed to the wiles of temptation; hence the baneful tendency of gambling, a gulph no leſs hideous than ſhamefully pernicious. Proſperity introduces luxury, and luxury a poiſon that ſaps the very eſſence of good government, and inevitably hurls vengeance on a nation. We are miſerably deceived, when we preſume that riches alone will conſtitute happineſs; whence ſo many glaring inſtances of conjugal infidelity? Little elſe can be expected, when the parties unite with ſentiments derogatory to every principle of genuine and pure eſteem. Alas! matches of convenience are too prevalent; indeed we are almoſt diſpoſed to accuſe Cupid for allowing his empire to be ſo much encumbered by gold. Cruelty is the conſtant attendant of a narrow groveling mind. How often is generous love ill requited, and why? Becauſe parents aim rather at intereſted *matches*, than ſuch as nature and love dictate.

Ye favoured ſons of Britain's iſle! why ſo different from your manly anceſtors? why the advice of diſſolute companions more attended to than that of experience? Think and act with noble ardour, and permit not vi-

cious

cious communication to quench this generous flame. We need not be surprized at finding so many unfortunate females, when we consider that the sons of idleness, vulture like, are ever upon the watch to seduce the imprudent fair. Can that affection, which grasps at sensual enjoyment, be love? No! it is at once sordid and transient. Pure love can only arise from the interchange of soul with soul, and is rendered delightful by mutual confidence and complacency.

Riches disseminate the most vicious and discommendable principles; they tend not only to corrupt the possessor, but to influence the conduct of the community. When money becomes the means of promotion to honours, every other is soon neglected; the sole ambition of the people is to accumulate riches, and the government strongly inclines to an oligarchy. Money withers honour to the root; as nothing tends more to corrupt the manners of a people, than the greediness of gain. But it is not by prohibitive laws that the fortunes of individuals can be held in an equilibrium; a spirit of disinterestedness is the only barrier against such innovation. This it is that makes us emulous to contribute to the tranquillity and happiness of our country. False is that reasoning which saith, "Were it not that there was a lucrative stimulus, men would degenerate into inactivity, and the world would at once be a den of idleness and theft." Let such reasoners recollect that the bees have no selfishness in their polity, yet a greater harmony cannot subsist than in their humble commonwealth. We know that modern politicians do not coincide with those who inveigh against the encrease of luxuries; for of late it has been considered as one of the greatest national advantages. It must however be admitted, that the ancients judged wisely on this head, because the portions of luxury diffuse an invidious joy that ultimately destroys every true pleasure; hence that hideous mole, ambition, which delights in scenes of cruelty; hence the various miseries attributed to the scorns of fortune;

and

and hence envy, pride, and many other baneful paſſions.

The juſtly celebrated Goldſmith, in his apoſtrophe to the muſe, drops theſe energetic and beautiful obſervations:

Aid ſlighted truth with thy perſuaſive ſtrain,
Teach erring man to ſpurn the rage of gain,
Teach him that ſtates, of native ſtrength poſſeſt,
Tho' very poor, may ſtill be very bleſt;
That trade's proud empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
As ocean ſweeps the laboured mole away,
While ſelf-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky!

Socrates ſaid that "we ought ever to prefer poverty with juſtice, to injuſtice and ignominy; and ought never to make a diſtinction betwixt that which is juſt and that which is uſeful." Ignorance of wealth is the very beſt of riches, as an immoderate deſire of riches is a poiſon lodged in the ſoul, which deſtroys every thing that is good in it.

From our miſconceptions of the nature of true riches, many, ah! many complicated evils ſpring—riches were never intended for man in his primitive ſtate; every ſympathetic ſoul ſhudders at the wretchedneſs of thoſe poor beings who, weeping, labour in the mines. Nay, the calamities attending the acquirement of gold, and other falſely eſteemed metals, are innumerable, and at once evince that nature intended them not for man's uſe.—Why do the miſtaken notions of honour, prerogative, and power, lead their votaries, and ſerve as pretexts to exerciſe every ſpecies of cruelty?

It is, in fact, needleſs to expatiate further on this ſubject. We ſhall conclude by obſerving, that it is from the volume of human life we may every day draw obſervations which elucidate the immoral tendency of riches. It muſt however be confeſſed that happineſs is centered in ourſelves, as we chiefly make or find our own felicity.

May

May theſe remarks ſtrengthen this inconteſtible truth, that riches are of themſelves dangerous, and cannot enſure happineſs! May they prove, that the greateſt felicity we enjoy here below flows from a conſciouſneſs of having done our duty to our Creator, to our neighbour, and to our country!

J. C.

A

SKETCH

OF

ENGLAND IN GENERAL.

[From Aikin's England Delineated.]

ENGLAND, including *Wales*, is the largeſt and moſt ſouthern part of the iſland of *Great Britain*, which is itſelf the principal of the European iſlands. It is every where ſurrounded by the ſea, except on that part where it joins with a narrow neck to Scotland. Its general figure is triangular, with one point to the north, another to the eaſt, and another to the weſt. Of its three ſides, the weſtern is the longeſt and moſt irregular, being broken and interſected by various points of land, and arms of the ſea. If a ſtraight line be drawn from Berwick upon Tweed to the Land's End in Cornwall, it will give, for the weſtern ſide, four hundred and twenty-five ſtatute miles. The ſame, drawn from Berwick to the South Foreland in Kent, will give, for the eaſtern ſide, three hundred and forty-five miles: and the triangle, completed by a line from the South Foreland to the Land's End, will have a ſouthern ſide of three hundred and forty miles. But theſe meaſurements would amount to a great deal more if we were to follow all the windings of the ſea-coaſt.

The face of the country in England affords all that beautiful variety which can be found in the moſt ex-

tenſive

tenſive tracts of the globe. In ſome parts, verdant plains extend far as the eye can reach, watered by copious ſtreams, and covered with innumerable cattle. In others, the pleaſing viciſſitudes of gently-riſing hills and bending vales, fertile in corn, waving with wood, and interſperſed with meadows, offer the moſt delightful landſcapes of rural opulence and beauty. Some tracts abound with proſpects of the more romantic kind; lofty mountains, craggy rocks, deep narrow dells, and tumbling torrents: nor are there wanting, as a contraſt to ſo many agreeable ſcenes, the gloomy features of black barren moors and wide uncultivated heaths. On the whole, however, few countries have a ſmaller proportion of land abſolutely ſteril and incapable of culture.

The richeſt parts of the country are, in general, the midland and ſouthern. Towards the north it partakes of the barrenneſs of the neighbouring Scotland. The eaſtern coaſt is in many parts ſandy and marſhy. To the weſt, the whole country of Wales is a mountainous tract, intermixed indeed with vales of great fertility. Another range of rude and elevated land, ſometimes riſing into lofty mountains, extends from the borders of Scotland to the very heart of England, running perpendicularly from north to ſouth, and forming a natural diviſion between the eaſtern and weſtern ſides of the kingdom, during its courſe. The county of Cornwall too, which, like a great promontory, juts into the Atlantic Ocean, is a rough and hilly tract; and a ſimilar character prevails in parts of the adjacent counties. Theſe mountainous regions, however, contribute greatly to the wealth and advantage of the whole, by the mineral treaſures with which they are amply furniſhed.

The rivers of England are numerous; but the extent of the country will not admit of ſuch a length of courſe as would allow them to vie in greatneſs with the rivers of the continent. Thoſe of the northern parts,

ariſing from the middle ridge of hills, have but a ſhort run each way to the ſea. In the midland diſtricts, the *Trent* and *Ouſe* find room for a moderate length of courſe. The *Severn*, in the weſt, ſpringing near the ſea, and taking a large ſemicircular ſweep to reach the ſame ſea again, flows over a ſpace which entitles it to rank at leaſt as the ſecond river of England. The *Thames*, taking its riſe not far from the weſtern ſide, and running acroſs to the eaſtern ſea, gains a greater diſtance from its ſource to its mouth than any of the reſt.

The lakes of England are few and inconſiderable for extent. The principal of them lie in the north-weſtern counties.

Various bays, creeks, and inlets of the ſea, are formed all round the coaſt. On the eaſtern ſide, the moſt conſiderable are, the *Humber*, an arm of the ſea into which many rivers pour their ſtreams. Then the *Waſh*, a broad but much ſhallower inlet, the ſands of which are for the moſt part bare at low water. The mouth of the *Thames* next opens into a ſort of funnel, produced by the retiring coaſt of Eſſex on the one hand, and Kent on the other. Then ſucceed the *Straits of Dover*, where this iſland ſo nearly approaches the continent. The *Iſle of Wight*, the harbour of *Portſmouth*, and the creek running up to *Southampton*, break the regularity of the ſouthern coaſt; which afterwards makes ſeveral bays and ſemicircular ſweeps in its progreſs to the *Land's-end*. On turning to the weſtern ſide, the moſt remarkable of all the inlets, the ſpacious *St. George's*, or *Briſtol Channel*, appears, which, with the wide mouth of the Severn, cuts deeply into the broadeſt part of the iſland. The oppoſite *Welſh* coaſt is broken by various bays and indentations; and beyond the next turn of the land ſucceeds the large and deep *Bay of Cardigan*. Then the *Iſle of Angleſea* repels the waters of the the Iriſh ſea, and gives a new direction to the coaſt, which, running inwards, forms a kind of vaſt

vaſt bay with the *Lancaſhire* and *Cumberland* coaſts, into which ſeveral broad and ſhallow mouths of rivers enter, and which is protected to the ſeaward by the *Iſle of Man*. *Solway Frith* terminates the Engliſh coaſt, and forms a natural boundary on part of the Scotch border, which the *Cheviot-hills* and the *Tweed* nearly complete.

With reſpect to *climate*, England is ſituated in the northern part of the temperate zone, ſo that it enjoys but a ſcanty ſhare of the genial influence of the ſun. Its atmoſphere is inclined to chillneſs and moiſture, ſubject to frequent and ſudden changes; and is more favourable to the growth, than to the ripening, of the products of the earth. No country is cloathed with a more beautiful and laſting verdure; but the harveſts, eſpecially in the northern parts, frequently ſuffer from unſeaſonable rains; and the fruits often fall ſhort of their perfect maturity. The rigours of winter, however, as well as the parching heats of ſummer, are felt here in a much leſs degree than in parallel climates on the continent; a circumſtance common to all iſlands. While the ſea-ports in Holland and Germany are every winter locked up with ice, thoſe of England, and even of Scotland, are never known to ſuffer this inconvenience. The weſtern ſide of the kingdom, receiving firſt the great clouds from the Atlantic Ocean, which are afterwards intercepted in their paſſage by the middle ridge of hills, is conſiderably more expoſed to rain than the eaſtern; but the latter is more frequently involved in fogs and miſts. The whole country, ſome particular ſpots excepted, is ſufficiently healthy; and the natural longevity of its inhabitants is equal to that of almoſt any region.

All the moſt valuable productions, both animal and vegetable, of this country, have been imported from the continent, and have been kept up and improved by conſtant attention. Originally, this great iſland ſeems

to have been, like the wilds of America, almoſt entirely over-run with wood, and peopled only by the inhabitants of the foreſt. Here formerly roamed the bear, the wolf, and the wild boar, now totally extirpated. Large herds of ſtags ranged through the woods, roebucks bounded over the hills, and wild bulls grazed in the marſhy paſtures. By degrees, the woods were deſtroyed, in order to make way for cultivation; the marſhes were drained; and the wild animals, invaded in their retreats, gradually diſappeared, and their places were ſupplied by the domeſtic kinds. England now poſſeſſes no other wild quadrupeds than ſome of the ſmaller kinds; ſuch as the fox, the wild cat, the badger, the martin, and others of the weaſel kind; the otter, the hedgehog, the hare and rabbit; the ſquirrel, dormouſe, mole, and ſeveral ſpecies of the rat and mouſe. On the other hand, every kind of domeſtic animal, imported from abroad, has here been reared to the greateſt degree of perfection. The horſe has been trained up for all the various purpoſes of ſtrength and ſwiftneſs, ſo as to excel in thoſe qualities the ſame animal in every other country. The horned cattle have been brought to the largeſt ſize and greateſt juſtneſs of ſhape. The different races of ſheep in England are variouſly diſtinguiſhed, either for uncommon ſize, goodneſs of fleſh, and plenty or fineneſs of wool. The deer of our parks, which are originally a foreign breed, are ſuperior in beauty of ſkin and delicacy of fleſh to thoſe of moſt countries. Even the ſeveral kinds of dogs have been trained to degrees of courage, ſtrength, and ſagacity, rarely to be met with elſewhere.

The improvement in the vegetable products of this iſland is not leſs ſtriking than in the animal. Nuts, acorns, crabs, and a few wild berries, were almoſt all the variety of vegetable food which our woods could boaſt. To foreign countries, and to the efforts of culture, we are indebted for our bread, the roots and greens

greens of our tables, and all our garden fruits. The barley and hops for our malt liquors, the apples for our cyder, are equally the gifts of other lands. The meaneſt labourer now is fed with more wholeſome and delicate aliments than the petty kings of the country could obtain in its ſavage and uncultivated ſtate!

The rivers and ſeas of England are ſtocked with a great variety of fiſh, which yield a plentiful article of proviſion. The river fiſh, indeed, from the populouſneſs of the country, and the number of fiſhers, are in many parts much diminiſhed. But the ſea is an inexhauſtible ſource; and every exertion of induſtry, to procure food from thence, is amply repaid. The fiſheries are at preſent a great object of attention; and the whole ſea-coaſt is enlivened by numerous inhabitants, who gain their chief ſubſiſtence from the deep.

Such, in general, is the country which we inhabit; ſufficiently favoured by nature, yet greatly indebted alſo to induſtry; for, if this powerful ſpring were to ſlacken, the wild wood, the tangled thicket, and the pathleſs moraſs, would again cover the land, and it would become a fit reſidence only for the ſavage beaſts, and the hunter not leſs ſavage!

PROVINCIAL LIFE AND ANECDOTES OF *JOHN WILKES.*

[From the Annual Hampſhire Repoſitory.]

AT the cloſe of the year 1797, died John Wilkes, the once celebrated patriot, and late chamberlain of the city of London; who, from the circumſtance of having made Sandham Cottage, in the Iſle of Wight, his ſummer reſidence, is entitled to a place in the Hampſhire Repoſitory. To inveſtigate the true characters of men, we muſt not ſo much contemplate

their public as their private demeanour, in which the mind, unbiaſſed by external objects, moves in its natural channel, and attaches itſelf to its moſt congenial purſuits. Such is meant to be the following ſketch of John Wilkes; not to give his picture on the ſtage where he played the ſenator, or the city magiſtrate, but his likeneſs behind the ſcenes, *in his inſular life*, neither courting the plaudits, nor deprecating the cenſures of a public, whom it was his invariable as ſucceſsful ſyſtem to dupe with his pretended principles, in order to attain, as he did, his real intereſt, in the diſcharge of his debts, and appointment to his office.

Wilkes's firſt viſits, and conſequent attachment, to the Iſle of Wight, may be dated from the time he was quartered at Wincheſter, as Colonel of the Buckinghamſhire militia, in the courſe of the ſeven years war; when he firſt occaſionally viſited it, from his profeſſional reſidence at Longwood, which he hired and lived at as conveniently near his regiment; where he found literary leiſure to contemplate and execute his political plan, which he actually began by compoſing there the North Briton, as famous for the public effects it actually produced, as infamous for the private ends it ſolely had in view; which had not even the little excuſe of party principles to follow, but ſolely perſonal objects to attain, and thoſe of the meaneſt kind, low intereſtedneſs, not of the certainly more venial, lofty ambition. There was a time when this diſtinction might have ſeemed ſlander; but notorious ſubſequent detection, and even ſelf confeſſion, though not till after conviction, therefore with all its diſgrace, but without any of its credit, have ſince incontrovertibly proclaimed the truth of it. Even at that period he attracted more notice than is generally beſtowed upon the maſs of ſummer viſitors, who either take lodgings, or run over the iſland unobſerving and unobſerved. Whether a natural ſon, of the name of John Smith, was the fruit of an amorous connexion Wilkes was known to have there made with an obſcure

obſcure young woman of great beauty, is uncertain, but highly probable. This probability is ſtrengthened by the enthuſiaſtic praiſes Wilkes always beſtowed on the native charms of the lower claſs of Vectenſian females; and in his hours of levity with the companions of his gallantries, he always diſtinguiſhed it by the name of Cyprus. This fair daughter of an humble cottager alluded to, was known to be pregnant, but ſhe has long been dead, and herſelf and her ſtory nearly forgotten.

When Wilkes, for good reaſons, retired to Paris, he took Smith, then at a very tender age, with him, and there formed a plan of education all his own, very different from that generally adopted, and from which he formed the moſt ſanguine hopes of ſucceſs. He thought it poſſible to ſubſtitute the embelliſhed manners of the world for the rougher exterior attendant upon our public ſeminaries, without any ſacrifice of the more ſolid information they communicate, and this in the ſame period of education. Paris was the alma mater deſtined to produce this extraordinary character, and in that metropolis Smith was placed *en penſion* in a ſeminary of note, at the annual expence of 100 guineas, and attended by maſters of the firſt reputation. After having attained the age of 14, in the year 1773, Smith was recalled to London, and fixed with Angelo to be farther inſtructed in his exerciſes. He likewiſe attended the academy in Soho-ſquare, in order to regain his native language, which he had completely forgotten, and to improve himſelf in claſſical learning, in which at Paris he had made a very deſpicable progreſs. By this new ſituation, the improvement of this diſtinguiſhed favourite by no means kept pace with the opportunities afforded, nor with the zeal and intereſt Wilkes felt in every thing that concerned him; ſave in the branch of horſemanſhip, in which he excelled, he did no credit to himſelf or his inſtructors. What Paris and London could not give, was expected from Hamburgh, to which place Smith experienced another removal, and was there placed

placed under the care of the celebrated Profeſſor Buſching; but this laſt effort was attended with no better ſucceſs. Yet it by no means appears but that Smith poſſeſſed a tolerable capacity, and would in any of the uſual modes of education have paſſed muſter. The fault was in the plan; by aiming at every thing, nothing was attained; the attempt to raiſe him to a height above the level of his abilities, abſolutely ſunk him below it. Wilkes had, finally, the mortification to ſee, that, from the perpetual change of ſituation, Smith poſſeſſed neither the real character of an Engliſhman nor of a Frenchman: that as in acquiring French, he had loſt his Engliſh, ſo in attempting to regain his native tongue, he became leſs perfect in the foreign one: thus in manners, language, and appearance, he ſettled into a ſtrange compound of the two nations. Diſappointed and diſpleaſed with his own management, Wilkes ſent this ſingular, inſtead of accompliſhed, young man, a cadet to the Eaſt Indies, where he ſtill remains, as in his laſt will, John Smith, in the ſervice of the Eaſt India Company, is mentioned with only a legacy of 100l.

This miſcarriage of Wilkes in a buſineſs he had ſo much at heart, may be compared with that experienced by Lord Cheſterfield, under circumſtances ſomewhat ſimilar: they both of them ſaw in idea the picture they wiſhed to exhibit, and well knew how to appreciate; but in their eager partiality, conſidered not the numerous fortunate combinations that muſt unite to form ſo rare a production as that of an accompliſhed man. Alike in both inſtances, by aiming at an exceſſive and higher finiſh than the ſubject would bear, they ſpoiled the piece, and degraded it below that ſtandard of mediocrity which it might otherwiſe have eaſily attained.

On his return from the continent, at a time he moſt attracted the notice of the public, and was at the very height of his popularity, Wilkes reſumed the habit of paying occaſional ſummer viſits in the Iſle of Wight.

At

At the houſe of the Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice, which often during that ſeaſon of the year was the reſort of public men and men of genius, Wilkes was highly diſtinguiſhed in the circle of feſtive wit. Here he ſhone with decided ſuperiority in repartee and anecdote over Hawkeſworth and Garrick, who were gueſts of the ſame houſe; and it is a circumſtance well known, that wherever they chanced to meet, Wilkes was in the conſtant habit of attacking and humiliating the latter, and in theſe rencontres carried his ſarcaſms to a degree bordering on rudeneſs, which Garrick felt, and often complained of. Wilkes uſed to ſay, that he did this on purpoſe, and contrary to his general cuſtom, through regard to Garrick, whoſe inordinate vanity it was doing him a ſervice to mortify, as it hindered him from expoſing himſelf. Of no period of his life was Wilkes wont to ſpeak with more ſatisfaction than of this; he was then in the full vigour of his faculties, and his fame and popularity gave him hopes of arriving at the lucrative diſtinction he alone aimed at. To learn the different opinions that different men entertained of his moral and political merits, gave him great amuſement. Anecdotes of this ſort he was fond of relating—In one of his rambles in the iſland, not being able to procure ſuch accommodation for the night as he liked, he requeſted a bed at a neighbouring farm-houſe; the name of Wilkes was a ſufficient paſſport, and the maſter, miſtreſs, and the whole family were highly gratified by the ſight of ſo celebrated a perſonage. On retiring to reſt he deſired a boot-jack might be brought to him. After waiting a long time for this neceſſary piece of furniture, he again went down ſtairs, doubting whether the houſe contained one: there he found that the cauſe of the delay originated in his own character; for he found the miſtreſs and the maid at high words, the latter declaring that no conſideration upon earth ſhould induce her to truſt herſelf in the ſame room with ſo dangerous a man as Mr. Wilkes!

On

On another occaſion, having engaged lodgings at a farm-houſe, where he always found himſelf comfortable, he was one morning ſurpriſed by a notice from the farmer to quit the houſe, as the landlord was in a violent rage that ſuch a lodger as Wilkes ſhould be received into any houſe that belonged to him. At the very moment when the portmanteau was packing up, a meſſage of a very different nature was received from a gentleman of oppoſite politics, who congratulated the country on the arrival of ſo diſtinguiſhed a patriot, and requeſted the champion of liberty would do him the honour to make his houſe his home.

This Wilkes ſaid he found to be the caſe in all his political career; and that, politically ſpeaking, he never made an enemy without, at the ſame time, gaining a friend, or loſt an old friend without gaining by the ſame action a new one. In proof of the ſentiment, that public men have in fact neither friends nor enemies, Wilkes uſed to ſay, that "the very ſame gentleman who turned me out of his farmer's houſe for being a *liberty-boy*, when afterwards I became a *good-boy*, and was made Chamberlain of London, was the firſt perſon to pay his reſpects, and offer me his compliments.

It does not appear that from the time of his mayoralty, and during his repeated unſucceſsful conteſts for the office of Chamberlain, Wilkes either reſorted to the Iſle of Wight, or maintained a correſpondence with any perſon in it. But no ſooner was the cloud that obſcured him during this period diſperſed, and returning fortune more than ever favoured him, than his ancient predilection for the inſular ſcenes he had enjoyed in his more youthful days revived. From that time he reſolved to make his favourite iſle the retreat of his calmer days and declining age; and, in conſequence, in the year 1788, took a long term of Sandham Cottage, in the pariſh of Brading. From this æra may be dated the inſular life of Wilkes; in contraſt to his former caſual viſits,

viſits, amidſt embarraſſments of various kinds, and under the *neceſſity* of receiving pecuniary aid from the dregs of his party, which he is known to have been even in the Iſle of Wight. He is now to be contemplated in a novel point of view. Henceforth we are to conſider him as Chamberlain, in affluent circumſtances, free from party entanglements, in the retirement of his choice, poſſeſſed of leiſure and ability to purſue ſuch buſineſs and amuſement as his natural bent and inclination might point out. The embelliſhment of his cottage and adjoining ground of about four acres was his firſt and favourite project. To this he gave inceſſant attention, with all the ardour that novelty, and an occupation ſo univerſally pleaſing could inſpire. Even his favourite Horace was obliged to yield a temporary preference to Evelyn's Sylva and Miller's Dictionary. The ſituation was beautiful, and he was determined to add every improvement that the hand of art could give.

After finiſhing and furniſhing the original cottage, which commands an extenſive and beautiful ſea view, and Culver-cliff to the eaſt, he erected detached pavilions of the Knightſbridge floor-cloth manufactory in the moſt advantageous points of view; and in the background raiſed numerous fanciful ſtructures, for the purpoſe of rearing poultry, and keeping various kinds of birds, of which he was exceedingly fond; nay his kindneſs to the feathered tribe extended ſo far, that he faſtened open boxes filled with corn upon the ſtems of trees, to feed the ſparrows and other ſmall birds, and always provided them with an additional allowance for winter. Thus he ſeemed more attentive to the lives and happineſs of every other animal, than of *mankind*.

In the diſpoſition of his ſhrubbery and garden, he diſclaimed the introduction of exotic plants of difficult culture; but was profuſe of the common flowering ſhrubs, the moſt eaſily reared fruits and vegetables. To his

his friend Churchill he erected a memorial with a Latin inscription on a Doric pillar, after a model of Virgil's tomb at Naples, and gave it the name of Churchill's tomb; on which he used to remark, that he could not make a more grateful oblation to, or better propitiate the manes of Churchill, than by filling the cavity with a store of the choicest wines; to which use he actually applied it as a cellar.

This his villakin, as he called it, contrary to the usual fate of far prouder mansions, rather from the celebrity of its *owner* than its *own*, became one of those fancy-places which the summer visitors of the Isle of Wight seldom omitted in their excursions; a circumstance highly acceptable to its master, who refused admission to none, and to particular people willingly did the honours himself with the greatest affability, and many pleasant remarks and anecdotes applicable to the place and its improvements.

Whatever part he acted in former life, or with whatever vices and immoralities the world, right or wrong, might have branded him, here our retired alderman, at his villakin, spent his time in as rational, quiet, and blameless a manner, as any of his graver brethren, the dullest citizens, at their larger and more costly villas in the vicinity of the metropolis. His hours were regular, and he rose early, for the purpose, as he more jocosely than creditably observed he had ever done, "of worshipping the rising sun." His mornings were divided between the inspection of his workmen and improvements, and his study, to which he always dedicated some part of the day. Those who visited him he received in the most hospitable manner, and his acts of benevolence were neither sparing nor ill applied. The tradesmen whom he employed in his improvements he would occasionally entertain at his own table, and ply them with the most generous and expensive wines, and with their elated spirits and curious remarks, under circumstances

ſtances to them ſo unuſual, he was greatly amuſed. Wilkes poſſeſſed a happy talent, by no means common to men in the decline of life; he always had the appearance of being pleaſed with himſelf, inceſſantly labouring to impart the ſame good humour to others, and in this he was ſo ſucceſsful that ſurly and phlegmatic indeed muſt have been the perſon, who could with any degree of ſpleen quit him and his houſe.

However bad, if any, his moral or religious principles were, Wilkes certainly poſſeſſed his mind in ſerenity; which inclines us in charity to hope, that bad as that is, he had more of the cool indifferent in *himſelf* only towards thoſe uſually moſt animating concerns, than of the rancorous enemy againſt them in *others*; that he was, as to religion, rather the light, heedleſs infidel for the *want* of thought, than the deep, contemplative atheiſt, from the ancient ſceptical *exceſs*, or the worſe modern philoſophical *refinement*, of it; the little benefit of which diſtinction we wiſh to allow him, if ever to be admitted as it has been, between the negative infidel, as barely a patient *unbeliever*, and the poſitive atheiſt as an active *diſbeliever*; which former, though equally injurious with the latter in its conduct, is perhaps not equally criminal in its cauſe. As to his political principles, independent of the ſtorms he raiſed for the purpoſes of private gratification or emolument, he was undoubtedly firmly attached to the ancient and original ſpirit of the conſtitution, he admired and loved the revolution, and was, as his tombſtone declares, "A friend to liberty." The hours he ſpent in his ſtudy, which he ſuffered no perſon to enter, were, by his own account, dedicated chiefly to the reviſal and making additions to what he uſed to call *the work*, and which was meant for poſthumous publication, under the title of "The Life and Opinions of John Wilkes." From this he would often read extracts to his more intimate friends, and to ſome of them he promiſed a place in the

book. What has been the fate of this manuſcript, which was neatly bound in a great number of volumes, it does not yet appear. Upon the merits of this work, he gave it to be underſtood, was to reſt his character with poſterity; but in his laſt viſit to the Iſle of Wight, in the ſummer of 1797, he told a clergyman, his neighbour, that this labour of ſo many years ſhould be committed to the flames.

In his dreſs and figure Wilkes at his cottage, or in the ſtreets of London, was preciſely the ſame; the bag, the blue and gold, or the full ſuit of ſcarlet, compoſed his conſtant and unalterable drapery. Theſe cut in the faſhion of his youthful days, with the ſingle, rural, and not well according addition of boots, made the exterior truly unique. At an early hour he was made up for the day, and ready to ſee company, which he willingly entertained with anecdotes and characters he had met with in his private and political walks through life. In theſe converſations he never failed to introduce ſome eulogy on the manners of the French, as they were at the time of his reſidence among them, and as ſeldom refrained from his uſual ſarcaſms on North Britons. The habit of repeating the ſame ſet of ſtories was the only ſymptom of ſenility that Wilkes exhibited in his laſt ſtage of life; his ſpirits and vivacity experienced little, if any viſible decay; the taſte ſhewn by him in ornamenting his rooms and grounds, bore a great affinity to that diſplayed in his perſon. Every thing in that line was exactly of a piece with the old blue and gold, and the ſcarlet, with gold knee bands; all was overdone and gaudy, the very reverſe of chaſte ſimplicity.

In his laſt viſit to his cottage, Wilkes ſeemed to be aware that his vital thread was ſpun out to nearly its length, but this cauſed no abatement of his good humour and feſtive manners. His glaſs of Champagne loſt neither its reliſh nor its effect, and the "life to the laſt

laſt enjoyed" of his friend Churchill, was as applicable to him as to its author.

The laſt time he croſſed the water he had a very long and tedious paſſage, owing to a total failure of wind. So circumſtanced, he jocoſely remarked, that if this was the caſe, he ſhould never again reviſit the Iſle of Wight, as in every period of his life nothing was ſo hoſtile to his exiſtence as *a dead calm*. This prediction was verified; he returned no more to the iſland; but, as is well known, died at the houſe of his daughter, in Groſvernor-ſquare, on the 28th of December following.

This "picture in little" of Wilkes at his cottage, there living to himſelf, and in his own confined way, will not perhaps be conſidered as the leaſt intereſting in the life of that extraordinary man. When the frail ornaments of Sandham ſhall have mouldered away, and its inſcriptions ſhall have ceaſed to be legible, themſelves requiring inſtead of giving explanation, the mind that knows how to reſpect wit and talents in themſelves, however abuſed in their application, will muſe over the ſpot, and ſtill hail as at leaſt minor claſſic ground, *the villakin of John Wilkes!*

THE

TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

A TALE.

(Concluded from page 259.)

The antidotes with which philoſophy has medicated the cup of life, though they cannot give it ſalubrity and ſweetneſs, have at leaſt allayed its bitterneſs, and contempered its malignity; the balm which ſhe drops upon the wounds of the mind abates their pain though it cannot heal them.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE ſun aroſe in his wonted beauty the next morning to the eyes of STEINFORT, who awoke to a renewed proſpect of life and happineſs, which though ſhaded by a few difficulties, imparted more lively pleaſures than it is in the power of ſullen and retired philoſophy to beſtow. He aroſe and adjuſted his dreſs more to the taſte of the world, and threw off the rough and uncourtly manners of the philoſopher for the more gentle and reſpectful demeanour of the lover. His rural hoſt and hoſteſs, with whom he reſided, were rather ſurprized at this alteration in his appearance, but as their enquiries had been checked, they preſumed not to aſk any queſtions. They knew nothing of his circumſtances, and were ſeldom troubled with his company, except when he was induced to make ſome idle experiment, or in his moments of relaxation he amuſed them with his eccentricities.

Having loitered about with impatience till the former part of the morning had paſſed away, he departed to viſit his ELIZA. The ſun ſhone delightfully on the ſurrounding landſcape as he walked along, the plumed muſicians of the air caroled their ſweeteſt notes, and all nature ſeemed to breathe forth a harmony well ſuited to the ſoft emotions of his ſoul. On his arrival he was introduced into a parlour, where he found ELIZA ſetting

ting alone. She received him with a familiar eaſe, unaccompanied with any other confuſion, ſave what tinted her cheek.

After a few general comments and explanations relative to paſt events, they touched upon more intereſting topics, and STEINFORT was not a little gratified at finding in the perſon he loved a mind congenial with his own, that could accompany him in the flights of fancy, and the wanderings of imagination.

The time flew ſwiftly away, and nothing remained to damp the happineſs of our lovers but the oppoſition of friends. They had to encounter and ſubdue the pertinacity of a prejudiced father, and to brave the taunts of a cenſorious world; a taſk, however difficult to perform for an individual lopped off from ſociety, without any one to love or truſt, is ſtill more difficult to undertake with fortitude, when we ſee thoſe we love ſubjected to the ſame calamity; and though we have the additional *pleaſure* of mutual conſolation, we have likewiſe the additional *pain* of ſeeing each other ſuffer, from the ſame cauſe, with the ſame deſpair of redreſs. Theſe ideas ſerved but to ſtrengthen the cord that bound them together, and they ſeparated with deſires ſanctioned by virtue, and hopes that could not eaſily be depreſſed.

STEINFORT daily continued his viſits, and every evening returned with brighter proſpects of happineſs, barred with new difficulties of acceſs. A week being elapſed in removing obſtructions and obviating objections, without any deciſive meaſures being adopted, they met to determine on ſome mode of conduct, and agree either to act independent of friends, or forego each other's company till circumſtances were more favourable to their union. Clandeſtine means were canvaſſed, and diſmiſſed with this remark; "that, though they ſometimes conferred ſecurity, they did not infallibly ſecure happineſs; for thoſe who adopted them, muſt ever offend the judicious and experienced part of

mankind, the good opinion of which is so necessary to public approbation, and public approbation best consolidates private enjoyment." "Well," observed ELIZA, as she tendered STEINFORT her hand, "*this* the world may prevent me making a present of for a time, but shall never prevail upon me to give it to another." STEINFORT pressed it to his lips. At that instant the parlour door opened, and Mr. Dalton appeared. STEINFORT felt a little confused at first at this singular intrusion; but, unconscious of any impropriety, he avoided, by any awkward evasions, to create the appearance of one. ELIZA, when she saw her father, shrunk for a moment from herself, and as she expected to encounter offended honour on his brow, and every feature alive with revenge, was not a little surprized, when, after gazing on them for a moment with doubtful surprize, he familiarly stepped forward, and shaking hands with STEINFORT, hoped he found him well.

An appearance so unexpected, and conduct so mysterious, filled them both with astonishment, and was mistaken at first for some low cunning of insult. Mr. Dalton soon undeceived them, by making suitable concessions to STEINFORT for the injury he had done his character, and briefly informing him that his seclusion from the world had given rise to an enquiry into his character and circumstances; and it too plainly appeared that his actions had been aggravated, and the pursuits of virtue tortured into those of vice. He likewise informed him, that having heard from his friends of the amendment of his daughter's health, he had been induced to fetch her home to assist him in concerting measures to seek out his retirement, and make him what reparation was left in his power. That on his arrival, he was informed of the perilous situation from which his daughter had been snatched by the signal bravery and interposition of a young man, who was then with her in the parlour; and that thus he had, without any apology, intruded upon them, but expected

not

not to find in the deliverer of his daughter, one whom he had given sufficient provocation to convert into the deadliest foe. STEINFORT and ELIZA heard his narrative with looks expressive of the satisfaction they felt; and, after a moment's pause, STEINFORT observed, "that as a link in the chain of mortality, and subject with his fellow beings to all the errors and weaknesses of humanity, he had no just claims to distinction from the rest of mankind; that when extenuation was the business of the world, after its revenge had been glutted, and the object of its displeasure removed, virtue was magnified in its turn as much as vice had been, and applause was as frequently injudiciously bestowed as censure." "Well, well," replied Mr. Dalton, that may be as you please, but you shall not moralize me out of the notion that I am under great obligations to you, and therefore I hope you will consider of some method by which I may repay them." "On the supposition that you are obligated to me," answered STEINFORT, "I know but of one favour you can grant me, in the refusal of which you deny me every thing I desire, but in conferring it, you give me every thing I want; and that is," continued he, "the hand of this lady," taking hold of ELIZA. "How now," retorted Mr. Dalton, "you are contriving to get me deeper in debt, by taking the trouble off my hands of seeking her a suitable husband; but since you are resolved to be generous, I will not be left behind; therefore if you have her, it must be only on this condition, that you permit me to entail upon her a fortune of 5000l." His ready consent, together with his generosity, rather surprized STEINFORT; but it is often observed, that those who are warm and hasty in their resentments, are, on conviction of having done wrong, equally zealous, and eager to make all possible amends. STEINFORT paying him a compliment on his liberality, observed, that as proposals of that nature were so seldom rejected, he would

not

not be so affectedly singular as to hesitate on the conditions, "Well then," said Mr. Dalton, taking hold of ELIZA's hand, and attempting to give it to STEINfort, "I——" "Hold," cried ELIZA, "is my consent then entirely out of the question?"—"Your eyes have told me you have not been an indifferent spectator," replied Mr. Dalton—ELIZA reddened—"Nay, those cheeks confirm it," added he, "colouring as it were for the frailty of your eyes; come, come, he who was brave enough to oppose individual force against such odds, to rescue you, is no common hero, and will make no common husband." "You are convinced then," replied ELIZA, "that he is not infallibly a coward, who refuses to countenance the practice of duelling." "I am convinced," replied Mr. Dalton, "that *he is the greatest hero who has courage to do right*; therefore I hope you will permit me to present your hand to STEINFORT." "Suppose I object," observed ELIZA. "Do you object?" asked Mr. Dalton. "Yes!" answered ELIZA. "Your reason," continued he. "That I may have the pleasure of presenting it to him myself," added ELIZA, giving her hand to STEINFORT. Mr. Dalton, laughing, observed, "that he hoped her philosophical lover would teach her something of *gravity*." STEINFORT observed, that he had no claim to the title of philosopher. "What but philosophy has enabled you to endure the evils of life with patience?" asked Mr. Dalton. "That I am afraid has not been the case," replied STEINFORT; "but I have a still more difficult task before me," continued he, "to enjoy the pleasures of life with *temperance*."

The evening was spent in a reciprocation of civilities, and after some entreaty on the side of Mr. Dalton, and solicitation on STEINFORT, the nuptials were agreed to be solemnized on the approaching Sabbath, at the house of Mr. Dalton. Having spent the remaining

part

part of the week among their friends in the country, a coach was procured early on Sunday morning, that bore them away to the altar of connubial felicity!

Wolverhampton,
April 9, 1800. CIVIS.

TOM CORYATE,

AN ORIGINAL BRITISH TRAVELLER.

[*From Pennant's Indoſtan.*]

I MUST not quit this place without dropping a tear over the grave of poor *Tom Coryate*, the moſt ſingular traveller Britain, or perhaps any other country, ever ſent forth. He lies on the banks of the ſhore near *Swalley*, where he finiſhed his long peregrinations in December 1617. Tom was born in 1577 at Odcombe, in Somerſetſhire. After publiſhing in 1611 his moſt laughable travels, ſtyled *Coryate's Crudities*, prefaced by above forty copies of verſes by the waggiſh wits of the time (amongſt which is one in the ancient Britiſh language) he ſet out on his greater travels.

In his European travels he tells us, that he walked 1975 miles in one pair of ſhoes, and had occaſion to mend them only once. On his return to Odcombe, he hung them in the church as a *donarium* for their bringing him ſafely home to his natal ſoil.

Encouraged by Sir Paul Pindar, whom he met with at Conſtantinople in 1612, he ſailed to the Levant, viſited Greece, Troy, Smyrna, and Egypt; made his pilgrimage to Jeruſalem, had his arm tattooed with the mark of the croſs, ſaw the Dead Sea, from there got to Alexandrette, from thence to Aleppo, arrived at Nineveh and Babylon, reached Iſpahan. From thence he proceeded to Candabar, Lahor, and Agra—there he entertained the *Great Mogul* with an eloquent oration in the Perſian language, ſo much to the content of that monarch,

monarch, that he beſtowed on him a *hundred rupees*. Having a wonderful facility in languages, he had a trial of ſkill with our Ambaſſador's laundreſs, the greateſt *ſcold* in all Agra! Tom attacked her in her own tongue, the *Hindoo*, at ſun-riſe, and ſilenced her by eight o'clock in the morning! He now haſtened to the concluſion of all his travels; he deſcended to Surat, where he was ſeized with a flux, that was increaſed by a treat of ſack, given him by ſome Engliſh merchants. He was a very temperate man, but could not reſiſt a favourite liquor ſo unexpectedly falling in his way. More of him may be ſeen in Mr. Terry's Voyage, printed in 1655, a book of much entertainment. But here poor Tom fell in 1617, and here he lies beneath an Indian ſoil.

ANECDOTE,

RELATED BY KOTZEBUE, IN HIS FLIGHT TO PARIS.

ON the twenty-ninth the Royal Agricultural Society held their public ſitting. Among the prizes they awarded, was a ſilver medal of a hundred livres to Madame Rattier, the wife of a car-driver. The occaſion for which it was given, affected the whole Aſſembly with a pleaſing emotion.

A child was, five years before, conſided to the care of this admirable woman, of whoſe parents ſhe has never ſince heard. She has four children of her own, and an income of not more than fifty dollars, which her huſband earns by the ſweat of his brow. Often has ſhe been adviſed to ſend her little charge to the Foundling Hoſpital, but never would forſake her; and though the conſtant riſing of all the neceſſaries of life, has reduced her to great ſhifts and want, ſhe has uniformly continued to do the ſame for this poor orphan as for her own children.

THE

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN;

APRL 3d, PRODUCED an after piece under the title of ST. DAVID'S DAY, with new ſcenes and decorations. It is what the title ſuggeſts, a kind of good humoured ſatire upon the Ancient Britons. The Welſh are here exhibited with their laughable peculiarities; and the incidents, though neither new nor particularly intereſting, are well arranged for the purpoſes of amuſement.

During the courſe of this laſt month, both theatres have been barren of new performances; they, however, announce ſomething in hand, which, upon their appearance, ſhall be detailed with our accuſtomed fidelity.

SADLER'S WELLS.

APRIL 14, being Eaſter Monday, opened with its uſual ſpirit and animation. The pieces were ſplendid, various, and full of humour. *Richer* danced on the rope and played on the tambourine at the ſame time. The houſe, which was crowded, greatly admired the novelty.

NEW

NEW ROYAL CIRCUS

Alſo preſented its ſummer amuſements. The interior is highly improved in appearance, and the new Ballet Dance was received with loud applauſes. A ſplendid ſpectacle likewiſe was produced, called THE MINE, or the BLACK FOREST OF ISTRIA, which excels in pictureſque ſcenery, rich dreſſes, and decorations. Many valuable performers have been added to the company. The comic Pantomime was pleaſing, and the humorous abilities of *Mr. Montgomery*, the clown, kept the houſe in a continued roar of laughter and applauſe.

AMPHITHEATRE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,

Commenced with a full company of ſpectators, who were delighted with the performances of the evening. *Miſs Gray*, *Mr. Gray*, and that Proteus of nature, *Laurent*, made their appearance, together with *Johannot* and the celebrated *Smith*, *Handy*, and *Croſsman*, now, without exception, the only horſemen in the world.

Mr. Aſtley, *Junior*, has exerted himſelf for the entertainment of the public, and every one muſt be amuſed with his ſurpriſing feats of activity.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR ARRIL, 1800.

A BALLAD.

THE clouds of night flew ſwift away,
In crimſon dreſt appear'd the morning,
Up roſe the glorious orb of day,
With gold the eaſtern ſhores adorning.

Far to the regions of the north
Winter had fled with frozen boſom,
And genial ſpring again call'd forth
The tender bud, the fragrant bloſſom.

The lambs on every verdant hill,
In many a playful gambol bounded,
And "through the high wood echoing ſhrill"
The huntſman's merry horn reſounded.

O'er the ſmooth boſom of the deep
The zephyrs now were gently blowing,
Its waves of ſilver ſeem'd to ſleep,
In ſilent murmurs ſoftly flowing.

While meadows ſmile in verdure clad,
And nature all around rejoices,
And feather'd ſongſters blythe and glad
Amidſt the groves attune their voices;

Is there a heart which does not glow
With rapture as the morn advances?
Is there an eye ſo ſunk in woe
Where not one ray of pleaſure glances?

Lo! on yon rugged half worn stone,
Full often dash'd by many a billow,
The hapless Anna sits alone,
Her snowy arm her only pillow.

Unmov'd, the feather'd choir she hears,
Unheeding views the scene surrounding,
Her eyes bedew'd with bitter tears,
Her heart with grief's keen pangs abounding.

Her cheeks which late the rose's glow
In all its blushing grace did borrow,
Appear'd like lilies fading low,
Which droop their heads in silent sorrow.

Five times had Spring renew'd the ground,
And Summer beam'd in brilliant glory,
And Autumn scatter'd fruits around,
And Winter frown'd with visage hoary;

Since from his love and native home
Edward had brav'd full many a danger,
Still doom'd in foreign climes to roam,
His sad, sad heart to peace a stranger.

Thrice had distill'd the summer rain
When rumour thro' the village sounded,
That Edward on the hostile plain
Had sunk expiring, pale, and wounded.

But Anna's sufferings to pourtray
With all the muses aid were folly,
The grief which made her mind its prey,
The deep, the pining melancholy.

Then maniac frenzy fir'd her soul,
Her eyes with frantic wildness beaming,
Far from her native home she stole,
Her tresses in the zephyr streaming.

Two tedious years had pass'd away,
No ray of joy dispell'd her sorrow,
For weary, weary, was the day,
And no sweet hope to cheer the morrow.

She daily wander'd on the ſhore,
And ſadly gaz'd acroſs the ocean,
Tho' reaſon ſway'd her mind no more,
Her breaſt ſtill felt each ſoft emotion.

But hark! ſhe ſings; the gentle ſtrain
Upon the ear is ſoftly ſtealing,
Like Philomel in eve's ſtill reign
By the pale moon her grief revealing.

"Blow ſoftly, gentle gales,
To waft my lover here,
Where Anna ſtill bewails,
Still drops the bitter tear.

Ye waves that ſmoothly flow,
Oh bear him to the ſhore,
Then farewell all my woe,
We'll meet to part no more.

Ah me! poor hapleſs maid,
Beyond yon weſtern wave
Thy Edward low is laid
Within the ſilent grave:

I'll ſing him to repoſe,
I'll wander ſadly nigh,
I'll ſtrew the pink and roſe
Where Edward's aſhes lie.

In peace my lover ſleep,
Here ling'ring night and day,
Thy Anna ſtill will weep,
Still guard thy much lov'd clay.

But ſee, through yonder vale,
My Edward ſwiftly glide,
Why look'ſt thou love ſo pale?
Why ſtreams that purple tide?

Oh ſtay my love for me,
One moment, Edward ſtay,
Soon from this earth with thee,
I'll ſwiftly fly away.

Thro' yon vaſt cloud of white,
On airy wings will ſoar,
There beams that heavenly ſight
Which darkneſs hides no more."

And who is he whoſe faded form
Along the lonely beach is roving?
Sav'd from the overwhelming ſtorm,
Some hapleſs mariner is roving.

Why does he ſtart with wild amaze
When he beholds the maid advancing?
Why does he ſadly, ſadly gaze,
Upon her eyes with madneſs glancing?

Oh, 'tis her early only love,
'Tis Edward whoſe fond arms enfold her,
But oh, what pangs his heart muſt prove,
A wandering maniac to behold her!

Eſcap'd from battle's fierce alarms,
To all his former joys returning,
Young Edward's heart gay fancy warms,
But ah, that joy is chang'd to mourning.

In vain he tries each tender care,
Whilſt her pale form on him is leaning;
She chills him with a vacant ſtare,
And wounds him with a ſmile unmeaning.

To a lone cottage on the ſhore
His trembling footſteps ſwiftly bore her,
And hoping reaſon's dawn once more,
He ſtill with ceaſeleſs care watch'd o'er her.

Haſt thou not ſeen ſome lovely flower
Droop in the ſun's meridian fervour?
Soft fall the dews at eve's ſtill hour;
They cool her boſom and preſerve her.

Haſt thou not ſeen in winter's night,
From darkſome clouds a ſtar faint gleaming?
Soon it broke forth with cheering light,
And ſhone in heavenly ſplendor beaming:

So did this lovely flower ariſe,
The ſilent tears its bloom renewing,
So reaſon beam'd from Anna's eyes,
The tumult of her ſoul ſubduing.

Bright roſe the ſun from eaſtern wave,
That morn no added joy could borrow,
Which to her love his Anna gave,
And baniſh'd every trace of ſorrow.

In Virtue's paths they ever trode
Her ſmiles the frowns of fate diſpelling,
And calm content and peace abode,
Within their humble happy dwelling.

SOPHIA AND ST. CLAIR.

ON THE

DEATH OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

SURGE AD JUDICIUM!

WHAT ſolemn, funeral dirge aſſaults my ear?
Whence is this melancholy martial band?
Following in tears ſome much lamented bier,
With ſlow and ſolemn ſteps along the ſtrand.

Alas! this penſive, wretched train are come
To weep great Waſhington's lamented death;
To pay their laſt ſad duties to his tomb,
Who ſerv'd his country with his lateſt breath.

In him each noble virtue was combin'd,
He was indeed the guardian of his land;
Nature her gifts of body and of mind
On him had ſcatter'd with a liberal hand.

The Chriſtian, parent, hero, and the ſage,
All, all in him with chief reſplendence ſhone,
His virtues ſtrike the hearts of ev'ry age,
With power ſuperior to the noon-day ſun.

In fight his excellence he clearly prov'd,
Valiant though cool, and without raſhneſs brave;
He, as a parent by each man was lov'd,
To all alike his gen'rous aid he gave.

But when no more the cauſe of freedom mov'd
The hero's arm, nor call'd to deeds of war,
He ſhar'd his virtues with the wife he lov'd,
And rear'd his people with the tend'reſt care.

In him the poor a benefactor knew;
Rever'd, reſpected, by the old and young:
He to religion's cauſe was ever true,
Her glorious doctrines oft employ'd his tongue.

Oh! for immortal Gray's melodious lyre,
To paint the hero's much lamented end,
To attend with throbbing heart his fun'ral bier,
And with his ſoul to realms of light aſcend.

But no; ſuch themes as theſe ill ſuit my ſtrain,
A hero's end requires a nobler lay;
He died with hope of Heaven's eternal gain,
In the bright proſpect of a reck'ning day.

Then ſhall his virtues all divine appear,
There ſhall he ſhine the favorite of his Lord,
And the bright excellence which mark'd him here,
Meet with a full, an infinite reward.

F. N.

BRUTUS.

WHEN Brutus, champion in fair freedom's cauſe,
Saw Rome declining beneath Cæſar's laws,
With gen'rous ardour for his country's weal
His hand uprais'd the patriotic ſteel,
And plung'd it deep into the tyrant's ſide,
From whence in torrents flow'd life's purple tide!
(The *Ides of March*, O let them ſacred be!
Gave death to Cæſar, and all Rome was free.)

His country ſerv'd, which was his grand deſign,
His love return'd, which made him nobler ſhine:
Oft times wou'd he on Cæſar's virtues dwell,
And mourn the cauſe for which he juſtly fell.
May ev'ry ruler, in whatever ſtate,
Who'd act like Cæſar, meet with Cæſar's fate;
And ev'ry nation, panting to be free,
A Brutus find, to give them liberty!

J. C. L.

SONNET

ADDRESSED TO J. B***K, ESQ.

ON HIS MARRIAGE.

Occaſioned by a Friend of the Author's informing him of the Gentleman's Marriage to whom this is addreſſed, and requeſting he would write ſomething juſt *and* complimentary *on the Occaſion.*

SAY, ſhall my muſe unnotic'd paſs the day,
When *wiſdom* bended at th' hymeneal ſhrine;
Shall I forget the well deſerved lay,
That's due to *talents* and to *worth* like thine?

Ah! no, for while the liſt'ning world admire,
The child of *genius*, whoſe *enlighten'd* mind
Doth to the nobleſt deeds of *art* aſpire,
And lives to *ſtudy*, and *improve* mankind!

So long ſhalt *thou* maintain the envied ſeat,
That *merit* claimeth in the porch of fame;
Thy *uſeful* life ſhall heart-felt plaudits meet,
And unborn ages ſtill revere thy name!

'Tis all a puff—for thou wilt e'er be B***k,
The *child of folly*, and a *ſenſeleſs block*.

Barnard's Inn.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE DECEASE OF AN EXCELLENT PARENT.

SUCH is life! I exclaim'd with a ſigh,
As I bade a lov'd father adieu,
When dull ſorrow be-clouded that eye,
Which to mine ſpoke in ſympathy true.

Yet though ſad was the day, it was cheer'd
By the hope—that ere long I ſhould meet
A dear parent, ſo juſtly rever'd,
And again enjoy intercourſe ſweet.

But 'tis paſt, and death's cold cruel hand,
Has bereft me of life's brighteſt ray;
The reflection a tear will demand,
Though kind faith forbids ſorrow to ſtay.

She points to the regions on high,
Where no anguiſh nor heart-rending care
Can intrude—but ſerene is the ſky,
And the proſpect's unclouded and fair!

EMMA.

MORNING.

AS night her duſky veil withdraws,
And the mix'd dawn of light and ſhade
In juſt libration * ſeems to pauſe—
That to advance—or this to fade,

How pleaſing to th' unſhackled mind
At that ſolemn hour abroad to ſtray;
Who can in contemplation find
A purer light than gilds the day.

* Twilight.

Full oft he ſtops—a voice he hears,
Not ſuch as duns guilt's fearful race;
Whom never-dying conſcience bears,
And makes an hell of ev'ry place.

No—'twas the voice of grateful praiſe,
Whoſe pure effuſion rent the ſky
From the fond hind, whoſe artleſs lays,
Enamour'd groves and ſtreams reply.

Oh ſcene of peace! of pure delight,
Which ſouls unhackney'd ever prize;
A theme—which as I vainly write,
Heaves my fond heart and dims my eyes.

Now the ſhrill harbinger * makes known
The new-born day; and mounting high,
The lark ſurveys the beaming zone †,
And ſpreads the tidings through the ſky.

Prompt at the ſound, from ev'ry ſpray
Harmonious riſe the warbling train;
One ſpirit ſwells th' enraptur'd lay,
And rends the hill, the dale, and plain.

Now full confeſs'd, the ſun around
Spreads the bright fervor of his beams;
With ſtreams of gold and azure crown'd,
Each diſtant mount and object gleams.

Far, far the faſt retiring haze,
Down to the realms of chaos ſpeed;
While ſparkling in refracted rays,
As gems the glitt'ring dews diſplay'd.

So 'fore fair truth dark error flies,
That, the pure light of heav'nly kind,
This, as the fogs which veil the ſkies,
The night and darkneſs of the mind.

Weſt Cowes, T——.
September 17, 1799.

* The cock. † The eaſtern horizon.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND, IN ANSWER TO SOME WHICH HE SENT ME, DISSUADING ME FROM STUDY.

WHY ſhould I ceaſe, fond youth, to ſeek a name,
Why ſpurn indignant from my eager mind
The ſteep aſcent, the toilſome hill of fame,
Where only I true genuine bliſs can find?

Each fond purſuit for that alone I yield,
Each joy of life, progreſſive in its courſe;
Willing I range the fair and ample field,
Where learning courts me with reſiſtleſs force.

What are to me the pleaſures of the day,
The weak enjoyments of the mad and vain;
Why ſhould I wander from my road aſtray,
To tread in footſteps followed quick by pain?

When God ſhall call me from my preſent ſtate,
And death at me ſhall aim his fatal dart;
I'll bow, ſubmiſſive to my certain fate,
And give to heaven my pure immortal part.

But why, my friend, ſhould I unnotic'd live,
And glide unknown adown the ſtream of life,
To keep my ſilent way, nor neither give
Nor cauſe one moment's happineſs or ſtrife?

'Tis true, in learning's devious path we meet,
(Unleſs by fortune ſunn'd we haply are)
With envious ſtorms, that all our aims defeat,
And wound our breaſts with many a ſhameful ſcar.

Need I poor Otway's tender woes revive,
Or Butler's, names to genius ever dear;
Ah! no, for you're too feelingly alive,
And ſilent drop to miſery the tear.

But look around and view this latter age,
Think on a Pope, a Congreve, and a Gay!
How they have deckt and ſwoln the letter'd page,
Yet baſk'd in fortune's animating ray.

But Chatterton! Ah! there again I pauſe!
He was a martyr to the love of fame;
Nobly he ſuffer'd in fair learning's cauſe,
And ſunk in death with nothing but a name.

Born with a genius lofty and ſublime,
His ſoul poetic every fetter burſt;
The ſhame, and aye, the glory of his time,
Which will by ages yet unborn be curſt.

And Collins! Savage! they too ſwell the liſt,
Britannia's ſhame! and reſignation's pride!
The former meekly ſmil'd, and bending, kiſs'd
The ſacred book of God, and died.

More could I add, more tender ſcenes yet ſhow!
But that enough already I have ſaid;
I can but paint the miſery and woe
Of Genius, ſlumbering with the peaceful dead.

W. MUDFORD

CUPID'S REVENGE.

TUNE—"*The Dead of the Night.*"

YOUNG Cupid in ſorrow one day had thrown by
His quiver and darts, and did nothing but cry;
While Venus, his mother, endeavour'd in vain
To diſcover the cure for, or ſource of his pain.

A council was call'd in the chambers above,
To conſider the cauſe of dame Venus and love;
The urchin was ſummon'd, but none could tell why,
Thus the grief in his features, the tear in his eye.

By the deities all thus in public aſſail'd,
The frowns of the gods o'er the godling prevail'd,
Who bluſhing, confeſs'd that his power was loſt,
And all his late ſchemes by phyſicians were croſt.

That his beſt levell'd arrows were fruitleſs and vain,
For the faculty now could preſcribe for the pain,
And grew rich in proportion as he had grown poor,
For as oft as he wounded the doctors would cure.

Old roſy-fac'd Bacchus, in accents divine,
Adviſ'd him to dip all his arrows in wine;
But Momus reply'd that 'twere better to ſteep
All his darts in ſome drugs that would lay them to ſleep.

Apollo rejoin'd, "Thoſe may ſport with his woes,
Who only exiſt, or to drink or to doze;
But the only reſource to regain his loſt fame,
Is a few of his darts at the doctors to aim."

Elate with the thought, Cupid quickly withdrew,
His pow'r to regain, his new plan to purſue,
And wond'rous to tell, that unaided by fees,
He brought the proud doctors all down on their knees.

There deſpairing, he kept them in anguiſh awhile,
Would now kill with a frown, and now cure with a ſmile;
And made them confeſs, after making them feel,
That the heart which love wounded, love only could heal.

Wolverhampton, CIVIS.
Auguſt 7, 1799.

SONNET.

OH! happy time, when o'er the dewy lawn,
I trac'd the orient crimſon of the morn,
And ſtray'd in peace where health and pleaſure roves,
O'er woodland mountain, and ſequeſter'd groves;

Till led by hope's deluſive ſmiles along,
Far from my happy home, with plenty crown'd,
To where the giddy, gay, licentious throng,
Dance thro' the path of vice in one eternal round.

So the pure rivulet ſerenely ſpreads
Where ſounds of diſcord never pour'd alarms;
Where amaranthine bowers, and daiſied meads,
Breathe all their ſweets, and mingle all their charms;

Till wildly wandering, negligent of home,
It joins the roaring main, where daſhing waters foam.

York. E. GILL.

Literary Review.

Sketch of the Life and Literary Career of Auguſtus Von Kotzebue, with the Journal of his Tour to Paris, at the cloſe of the Year 1790. *Written by Himſelf. Tranſlated from the German by Anne Plumtre. To which is ſubjoined an Appendix, including a general Abſtract of Kotzebue's Works.* Symonds. 7s. in boards.

A MORE entertaining work we have never peruſed. We believe it to be a faithful tranſcript of the original; indeed Miſs Plumtre has, on other occaſions, afforded indiſputable proofs of ability. The tranſlation of this work is executed with an uncommon degree of animation.

Of this *ſketch* we have made free uſe in our memoirs for the preſent Number; but we can aſſure our readers that much is ſtill left, calculated to inſtruct and gratify an inquiſitive mind. The work is far from being impoveriſhed by the extracts we have given to our readers. Kotzebue is an extraordinary man—his Pizarro has echoed through every part of Britain, and a curioſity is excited reſpecting his hiſtory. We ſhall only add, that it is written with ſpirit and intereſt. No lovers of the drama will repent the purchaſe and peruſal of this moſt intereſting publication.

Travels through the States of North America, and the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, during the Years 1795, 1796, *and* 1797. *By Iſaac Weld, Jun. Second Edition, illuſtrated and embelliſhed with Sixteen Plates. In Two Volumes.* Stockdale. 18s.

(Concluded from page 312.*)*

IN our laſt Review we gave this author's ſketch of PHILADELPHIA, from which the reader might form a good idea of the metropolis of the United States. We now intend to bring forward his delineation of the city of WASHINGTON, which, towards the concluſion of the preſent year, is to become the ſeat of the American government. It was ſo called after the late illuſtrious Preſident, *George Waſhington*, in grateful remembrance of his ſervices during their hard but ſucceſsful conteſt with Great Britain. MR. WELD viſited it in November 1795; and the following account of it is well worthy of attention.

CITY OF WASHINGTON.

"The City of Waſhington, or the Federal City, as it is indiſcriminately called, was laid out in the year 1792, and is expreſsly deſigned for being the metropolis of the United States, and the ſeat of the federal government. In the year 1800 the congreſs is to meet there for the firſt time. As the foundation of this city has attracted the attention of ſo many people in Europe, and as ſuch very different opinions are entertained about it, I ſhall, in the following pages, give you a brief account of its riſe and progreſs.

"Shortly after the cloſe of the American war, conſiderable numbers of the Penſylvanian line, or of the militia, with arms in their hands, ſurrounded the hall in which the congreſs was aſſembled at Philadelphia, and with vehement menaces inſiſted upon immediate appropriations of money being made to diſcharge the large arrears due to them for their paſt ſervices. The members, alarmed at ſuch an outrage, reſolved to quit a ſtate in which they met with inſult inſtead of protection,

tection, and quickly adjourned to New York, where the ſeſſion was terminated. A ſhort time afterwards, the propriety was ſtrongly urged in congreſs, of fixing upon ſome place for the meeting of the legiſlature, and for the ſeat of the general government, which ſhould be ſubject to the laws and regulations of the congreſs alone, in order that the members, in future, might not have to depend for their perſonal ſafety, and for their freedom of deliberation, upon the good or bad police of any individual ſtate. This idea of making the place, which ſhould be choſen for the meeting of the legiſlature, independent of the particular ſtate to which it might belong, was further corroborated by the following argument: That as the ſeveral ſtates in the union were in ſome meaſure rivals to each other, although connected together by certain ties, if any one of them was fixed upon for the ſeat of the general government in preference, and thus raiſed to a ſtate of pre-eminence, it might perhaps be the occaſion of great jealouſy amongſt the others. Every perſon was convinced of the expediency of preſerving the union of the ſtates entire; it was apparent, therefore, that the greateſt precautions ought to be taken to remove every ſource of jealouſy from amongſt them, which might tend, though remotely, to produce a ſeparation. In fine, it was abſolutely neceſſary that the ſeat of government ſhould be made permanent, as the removal of the public offices and the archives from place to place could not but be attended with many and very great inconveniencies.

"However, notwithſtanding this meaſure appeared to be beneficial to the intereſt of the union at large, it was not until after the revolution, by which the preſent federal conſtitution was eſtabliſhed, that it was acceded to on the part of all the ſtates. Pennſylvania, in particular, conſcious of her being a principal and central ſtate, and therefore likely to be made the ſeat of government if this new project was not carried into execution, was foremoſt in the oppoſition. At laſt ſhe complied; but it was only on condition that the congreſs ſhould meet at Philadelphia until the new city was ready for its reception, flattering herſelf that there would be ſo many objections afterwards to the removal of the ſeat of government, and ſo many difficulties in putting the project into execution, that it would finally be relinquiſhed. To the diſcriminating judgment of General Waſhington, then preſident, it was left to

determine upon the ſpot beſt calculated for the federal city After mature deliberation he fixed upon a ſituation on the banks of the Patowmac River, a ſituation which ſeems to be marked out by nature, not only for a large city, but expreſsly for the ſeat of the metropolis of the United States.

"In the choice of the ſpot there were two principal conſiderations; Firſt, that it ſhould be as central as poſſible in reſpect to every ſtate in the union; ſecondly, that it ſhould be advantageouſly ſituated for commerce, without which it could not be expected that the city would ever be diſtinguiſhed for ſize or for ſplendour; and it was to be ſuppoſed, that the people of the United States would be deſirous of having the metropolis of the country as magnificent as it poſſibly could be. Theſe two eſſential points are moſt happily combined in the ſpot which has been choſen.

"The northern and ſouthern extremities of the United States are in 46° and 31° north latitude. The latitude of the new city is 38° 53′ north; ſo that it is within twenty-three minutes of being exactly between the two extremities. In no part of North America either is there a port ſituated ſo far up the country to the weſtward, excepting what belongs to Great Britain on the river St. Lawrence, its diſtance from the ocean being no leſs than two hundred and eighty miles. A more central ſituation could certainly have been fixed upon, by going further to the weſtward; but had this been done, it muſt have been an inland one, which would have been very unfavourable for trade. The ſize of all towns in America has hitherto been proportionate to their trade, and particularly to that carried on with the back ſettlements. This trade conſiſts in ſupplying the people of the weſtern parts of the United States, or the back ſettlements, with certain articles of foreign manufacture, which they do not find any intereſt in fabricating for themſelves at preſent; nor is it to be ſuppoſed that they will, for many years to come, while land remains cheap, and theſe articles can be imported and ſent to them on reaſonable terms. The articles chiefly in demand conſiſt of hardware, woollen cloths, figured cottons, hoſiery, haberdaſhery, earthen ware, &c. &c. from England; coffee, rum, ſugar *,

* Sugar is not ſent very far back into the country, as it is procured at much leſs expence from the maple tree.

from

from the Weſt Indies; tea, coarſe muſlins, and calicoes, from the Eaſt Indies. In return for theſe articles the people of the back ſettlements ſend down for exportation the various kinds of produce which the country affords: wheat and flour, furs, ſkins, rice, indigo, tobacco, pitch, tar, &c. &c. It is very evident, therefore, that the beſt ſituation for a trading town muſt be upon a long navigable river, ſo that the town may be open to the ſea, and thus enabled to carry on a foreign trade, and at the ſame time be enabled, by means of an extenſive water communication in an oppoſite direction, to trade with the diſtant parts of the country. None of the inland towns have as yet increaſed to a great ſize. Lancaſter, which is the largeſt in all America, contains only nine hundred houſes, and it is nearly double the ſize of any other inland one. Neither do the ſea-port towns flouriſh, which are not well ſituated for carrying on an inland trade at the ſame time. The truth of this poſition muſt appear obvious on taking a ſurvey of the principal towns in the United States.

"Conſidering the vaſtneſs of the territory which is opened to the federal city by means of a water communication; conſidering that it is capable, from the fertility of its ſoil, of maintaining three times the number of inhabitants that are to be found at preſent in all the United States; and that it is advancing at the preſent time more rapidly in population than any other part of the whole continent; there is a good foundation for thinking that the federal city, as ſoon as the navigation is perfected, will increaſe moſt rapidly; and that at a future day, if the affairs of the United States go on as proſperouſly as they have done, it will become the grand emporium of the weſt, and rival in magnitude and ſplendor the cities of the old world.

"The city is laid out on a neck of land between the forks formed by the eaſtern and weſtern or main branch of Patowmac River. This neck of land, together with an adjacent territory, which is in the whole ten miles ſquare, was ceded to congreſs by the ſtates of Maryland and Virginia. The ground on which the city immediately ſtands was the property of private individuals, who readily relinquiſhed their claim to one half of it in favour of congreſs, conſcious that the value of what was left to them would increaſe, and amply compenſate them for their loſs. The profits ariſing from the

ſale of that part which has thus been ceded to congreſs will be ſufficient, it is expected, to pay for the public buildings, for the watering of the city, and alſo for paving and lighting of the ſtreets. The plan of the city was drawn by a Frenchman of the name of L'Enfant, and is on a ſcale well ſuited to the extent of the country, one thouſand two hundred miles in length, and one thouſand in breadth, of which it is to be the metropolis; for the ground already marked out for it is no leſs than fourteen miles in circumference. The ſtreets run north, ſouth, eaſt, and weſt; but to prevent that ſameneſs neceſſarily enſuing from the ſtreets all croſſing each other at right angles, a number of avenues are laid out in different parts of the city, which run tranſverſely; and in ſeveral places, where theſe avenues interſect each other, are to be hollow ſquares. The ſtreets, which croſs each other at right angles, are from ninety to one hundred feet wide, the avenues one hundred and ſixty feet. One of theſe is named after each ſtate, and a hollow ſquare alſo allotted to each, as a ſuitable place for ſtatues, columns, &c. which, at a future period, the people of any one of theſe ſtates may wiſh to erect to the memory of great men that may appear in the country. On a ſmall eminence, due weſt of the capitol, is to be an equeſtrian ſtatue of General Waſhington.

"The capitol is now building upon the moſt elevated ſpot of ground in the city, which happens to be in a very central ſituation. From this ſpot there is a complete view of every part of the city, and alſo of the adjacent country. In the capitol are to be ſpacious apartments for the accommodation of congreſs; in it alſo are to be the principal public offices in the executive department of the government, together with the courts of juſtice. The plan on which this building is begun is grand and extenſive; the expenſe of building it is eſtimated at a million of dollars, equal to two hundred and twenty-five thouſand pounds ſterling.

"The houſe for the reſidence of the preſident ſtands north-weſt of the capitol, at the diſtance of about one mile and a half. It is ſituated upon a riſing ground not far from the Patowmac, and commands a moſt beautiful proſpect of the river, and of the rich country beyond it. One hundred acres of ground, towards the river, are left adjoining to the houſe for pleaſure grounds. South of this there is to be a large park or

mall,

mall, which is to run in an eaſterly direction from the river to the capitol. The buildings on either ſide of this mall are all to be elegant in their kind; amongſt the number it is propoſed to have houſes built at the public expenſe for the accommodation of the foreign miniſters, &c. On the eaſtern branch a large ſpot is laid out for a marine hoſpital and gardens. Various other parts are appointed for churches, theatres, colleges, &c. The ground in general, within the limits of the city, is agreeably undulated; but none of the riſings are ſo great as to become objects of inconvenience in a town. The ſoil is chiefly of a yellowiſh clay mixed with gravel. There are numbers of excellent ſprings in the city, and water is readily had in moſt places by digging wells. Here are two ſtreams likewiſe, which run through the city, Reedy Branch and Tiber Creek *. The perpendicular height of the ſource of the latter, above the level of the tide, is two hundred and thirty-ſix feet.

"By the regulations publiſhed, it was ſettled that all the houſes ſhould be built of brick or ſtone; the walls to be thirty feet high, and to be built parallel to the line of the ſtreet, but either upon it or withdrawn from it, as ſuited the taſte of the builder. However, numbers of wooden habitations have been built; but the different owners have all been cautioned againſt conſidering them as permanent. They are to be allowed for a certain term only, and then deſtroyed. Three commiſſioners, who reſide on the ſpot, are appointed by the preſident, with a ſalary, for the purpoſe of ſuperintending the public and other buildings, and regulating every thing pertaining to the city.

"The only public buildings carrying on as yet, are the preſident's houſe, the capitol, and a large hotel. The preſident's

* Upon the granting poſſeſſion of waſte lands to any perſon, commonly called the *location* of lands, it is uſual to give particular names to different ſpots, and alſo to the creeks and rivers. On the original location of the ground now allotted for the ſeat of the federal city, this creek received the name of Tiber Creek, and the identical ſpot of ground on which the capitol now ſtands was called Rome. This anecdote is related by many as a certain prognoſtic of the future magnificence of this city, which is to be, as it were, a ſecond Rome.

houſe,

houſe, which is nearly completed on the outſide, is two ſtories high, and built of free ſtone. The principal room in it is of an oval form. This is undoubtedly the handſomeſt building in the country, and the architecture of it is much extolled by the people, who have never ſeen any thing ſuperior; but it will not bear a critical examination. Many perſons find fault with it, as being too large and too ſplendid for the reſidence of any one perſon in a republican country; and certainly it is a ridiculous habitation for a man who receives a ſalary that amounts to no more than 5,625l. ſterling per annum, and in a country where the expences of living are far greater than they are even in London.

"The hotel is a large building of brick, ornamented with ſtone; it ſtands between the preſident's houſe and the capitol. In the begining of the year 1796, when I laſt ſaw it, it was roofed in, and every exertion making to have it finiſhed with the utmoſt expedition. It is any thing but beautiful. The capitol, at the ſame period, was raiſed only a very little way above the foundation.

"The ſtone, which the preſident's houſe is built with, and ſuch as will be uſed for all the public buildings, is very ſimilar in appearance to that found at Portland in England; but I was informed by one of the ſculptors, who had frequently worked the Portland ſtone in England, that it is of a much ſuperior quality, as it will bear to be cut as fine as marble, and is not liable to be injured by rain or froſt. On the banks of the Patowmac they have inexhauſtible quarries of this ſtone; good ſpecimens of common marble have alſo been found; and there is in various parts of the river abundance of excellent ſlate, paving ſtone, and lime ſtone. Good coal may alſo be had.

"The private houſes are all plain buildings; moſt of them have been built on ſpeculation, and ſtill remain empty.* The greateſt number, at any one place, is at Green Leafs Point, on the main river, juſt above the entrance of the eaſtern branch. This ſpot has been looked upon by many as the moſt convenient one for trade; but others prefer the ſhore of the eaſtern branch, on account of the ſuperiority of the harbour, and the great depth of the water near the ſhore. There are ſeveral other favourite ſituations, the choice of any one of which is a mere matter of ſpeculation at preſent. Some build near the capitol, as the moſt convenient place for the reſidence of members

bers of congreſs, ſome near the preſident's houſe; others again prefer the weſt end of the city, in the neighbourhood of George Town, thinking that as trade is already eſtabliſhed in that place, it muſt be from thence that it will extend into the city. Were the houſes that have been built ſituated in one place altogether, they would make a very reſpectable appearance, but ſcattered about as they are, a ſpectator can ſcarcely perceive any thing like a town. Excepting the ſtreets and avenues, and a ſmall part of the ground adjoining public buildings, the whole place is covered with trees. To be under the neceſſity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles, perhaps, in order to ſee a next door neighbour, and in the ſame city, is a curious, and, I believe, a novel circumſtance. The number of inhabitants in the city, in the ſpring of 1796, amounted to about five thouſand, including artificers, who formed by far the largeſt part of that number. Numbers of ſtrangers are continually paſſing and repaſſing through a place which affords ſuch an extenſive field for ſpeculation.

"In addition to what has already been ſaid upon the ſubject, I have only to obſerve, that notwithſtanding all that has been done at the city, and the large ſums of money which have been expended, there are numbers of people in the United States, living to the north of the Patowmac, particularly in Philadelphia, who are ſtill very averſe to the removal of the ſeat of government thither, and are doing all in their power to check the progreſs of the buildings in the city, and to prevent the congreſs from meeting there at the appointed time. In the ſpring of 1796, when I was laſt on the ſpot, the building of the capitol was abſolutely at a ſtand for want of money; the public lots were at a very low price, and the commiſſioners were unwilling to diſpoſe of them; in conſequence they made an application to congreſs, praying the houſe to guarantee a loan of three hundred thouſand dollars, without which they could not go on with the public buildings, except they diſpoſed of the lots to great diſadvantage, and to the ultimate injury of the city; ſo ſtrong, however, was the oppoſition, that the petition was ſuffered to lie on the table unattended to for many weeks! nor was the prayer of it complied with until a number of gentlemen, that were deeply intereſted in the improvement of the city, went round to the different members,

bers, and made intereſt with them in perſon to give their aſſent to the meaſure. Theſe people, who are oppoſed to the building of the city of Waſhington, maintain, that it can never become a town of any importance, and that all ſuch as think to the contrary have been led aſtray by the repreſentations of a few enthuſiaſtic perſons; they go ſo far even as to aſſert, that the people to the eaſtward will never ſubmit to ſee the ſeat of government removed ſo far from them, and the congreſs aſſembled in a place little better than a foreſt, where it will be impoſſible to procure information upon commercial points; finally, they inſiſt, that if the removal from Philadelphia ſhould take place, a ſeparation of the ſtates will inevitably follow. This is the language held forth; but their oppoſition in reality ariſes from that jealouſy which narrow minded people in trade are but too apt to entertain of each other when their intereſts claſh together. Theſe people wiſh to cruſh the city of Waſhington while it is yet in its infancy, becauſe they know, that if the ſeat of government is transferred thither, the place will thrive, and enjoy a conſiderable portion of that trade which is centered at preſent in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York. It is idle, however, to imagine that this will injure their different towns; on the contrary, although a portion of that trade which they enjoy at preſent ſhould be drawn from them, yet the increaſe of population in that part of the country, which they muſt naturally ſupply, will be ſuch, that their trade on the whole will, in all probability, be found far more extenſive after the federal city is eſtabliſhed than it ever was before.

"A large majority, however, of the people in the United States is deſirous that the removal of the ſeat of government ſhould take place; and there is little doubt that it will take place at the appointed time. The diſcontents indeed, which an oppoſite meaſure would give riſe to in the ſouth could not but be alarming, and if they did not occaſion a total ſeparation of the ſouthern from the northern ſtates, yet they would certainly materially deſtroy that harmony which has hitherto exiſted between them."

This account is extremely intereſting—the *new metropolis* of a RISING EMPIRE! the politician and merchant

merchant will be diſpoſed to indulge viſions of bliſs on ſo ſublime a ſubject. Congreſs, it ſeems, has requeſted that the mortal remains of their *great and beloved Waſhington* ſhould be removed from the family vault at Mount Vernon, and depoſited in the capitol. To this requeſt *Mrs. Waſhington* has conſented, but the time of the removal has not yet been determined. Thus even his aſhes will become a memorial to future generations!

A Prayer and Sermon delivered at Charleſtown, December 31, 1799, on the Death of George Waſhington, late Preſident, and Commander in Chief of the Armies, of the United States of America, who departed this life at Mount Vernon, in Virginia, on the 14th of the ſame Month, in the Sixty-ninth Year of his Age. With an Additional Sketch of his Life. By Jedidiah Morſe, D. D. Paſtor of the Church in Charleſtown; to which is prefixed an Account of the Proceedings of the Town on the melancholy Occaſion, written by Joſiah Bartlett, Eſq. Stockdale. 2s.

THE paſſage of ſcripture, which forms the baſis of this ſermon, is Deuteronomy xxxiv. 5, 7, 8. *So Moſes, the ſervant of the Lord, died. His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. And the Children of Iſrael wept for Moſes in the plains of Moab thirty days.* The diſcourſe contains a well drawn parallel between Moſes and Waſhington; the particulars in each character, both as *general* and *lawgiver*, are traced in various particulars with judgment and ability. To an American audience ſuch an addreſs from the pulpit muſt have been peculiarly impreſſive. The account of the proceedings of the town is alſo extremely intereſting. "The ſociety of the Free Maſons, accompanied by the officers of the town, the church, the pariſh, and a number of the reverend clergy, returned in proceſſion

to

to *Warren Hall*, where funeral ceremonies were performed in memory of the moſt diſtinguiſhed *uninſpired* member of the fraternity, of which ſacred or prophane hiſtory can boaſt. The walls, the pedeſtal, the tables, and the regalia of the lodge, were ſhrouded. In the eaſt was a ſtriking portrait of the late GEORGE WASHINGTON, ſurrounded by a diſplay of bright rays in every direction. In the north ſtood the figure of a large eagle, mantled in black, with its eyes directed to the picture, and from its bill was ſuſpended a label, with the following inſcription:—*All Judea, and the inhabitants of Jeruſalem, did him honour at his death.* In the ſouth was a portrait in mourning of the Preſident of the United States. The light of the room was no more than ſufficient to diſplay theſe *affecting* objects; and the hall was viſited in the evening by every deſcription of the inhabitants, whoſe grave deportment and propriety of behaviour, denoted a juſt eſtimation of the tranſactions of the day."

The maſterly ſketch of *Waſhington's Life*, was inſerted in the laſt number of our Miſcellany.

An Appeal to the Britiſh Hop Planters. By S. F. Waddington. Croſby and Letterman. 1s.

AS every *Britiſh ſubject* is, by the law of the land, deemed *innocent* till his conviction, ſo we ought not to prejudge the caſe of the gentleman before us. The Appeal is written with ſpirit, and is deſerving of an attentive peruſal by all thoſe who wiſh not to incur the charge of partiality. The diſtribution of juſtice ſhould be the prime object both of individuals and of the community.

The

The Beauties of Kotzebue; containing the moſt intereſting Scenes, Sentiments, Speeches, &c. in all his admired Dramas, freely tranſlated, connected and digeſted under appropriate Heads, alphabetically, arranged; with Biographical Anecdotes of the Author, a Summary of his Dramatic Fables, and Curſory Remarks. By Walley Chamberlain Oulton. Croſby and Letterman. 4s. 6d.

A Judicious ſelection of paſſages from any popular author is deſirable, and the age indeed abounds with ſuch pretenſions. Kotzebue is certainly an ingenious dramatiſt, and his productions have excited great attention.

"Wild is the garden, but the ſoil is good,"

is the appropriate motto of this publication. They are the author's own words, and are certainly characteriſtic of the genius he has diſplayed in his numerous productions.

Of this ſelection we may ſafely ſay, that it is well executed, and may be uſeful in ſchools, where the recital of dialogues is employed for the improvement of oratory. A plot of the ſeveral dramas is prefixed, which ſerves as a guide to the extracts or beauties, which are detached portions of the reſpective plays.

Some perſons are prejudiced againſt this mode of *gutting* works, under the impoſing appellation of *beauties*; there is rather an unfairneſs in the buſineſs—but peruſed with care, and as introductory to the works themſelves, theſe beauties may, in ſeveral reſpects, prove ſerviceable to the riſing generation.

Speed the Plough; *a Comedy, in Five Acts, as performed with univerſal Applauſe at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By Thomas Morton, Eſq.* Longman and Rees. Price 2s.

IN our laſt Miſcellany we laid before our readers the plot of this much admired comedy; and having ſince peruſed it, we can ſpeak with more confidence of its contents. The character of *Aſhfield* is extremely well delineated, both for its wit and amuſement. The character of *Henry* is more tragical, the language more elegant, and more to be admired. The play is well drawn up, the characters ingeniouſly depicted, the moral ſentimental, and the whole adapted to amuſe and inſtruct the mind—

"To wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius and to mend the heart."

As the general nature of this play has been already explained in our Dramatic Regiſter, any thing more on the ſubject would be uſeleſs. We ſhall, however, make a few extracts.

SCENE II. *An Apartment in the Caſtle.*

SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD *diſcovered.* MISS BLANDFORD *reading.*

"*Miſs Blandford.* Shall I proceed to the next eſſay?
"*Sir Philip.* What does it treat of?
"*Miſs Blandford.* Love and friendſhip.
"*Sir Philip.* A ſatire?
"*Miſs Blandford.* No, father—an eulogy.
"*Sir Philip.* Thus do we find in the imaginations of men, what we in vain look for in their hearts. Lay it by *(a knocking at the door.)* Come in.

Enter

Enter EVERGREEN.

"*Evergreen.* My dear maſter, I am a petitioner to you.

"*Sir Philip.* *(riſes)* None poſſeſſes a better claim to my favour—aſk and receive.

"*Evergreen.* I thank you, ſir. The unhappy Henry!

"*Miſs Blandford.* What of him?——

"*Sir Philip.* Emma—go to your apartment.

"*Miſs Blandford.* Poor Henry! [*Exit.*

"*Sir Philip.* Imprudent man!——

"*Evergreen.* (SIR PHILIP *turns from him with reſentment)* Nay, be not angry, he is without, and entreats to be admitted.

"*Sir Philip.* I cannot, will not again behold him.

"*Evergreen.* I am ſorry you refuſe me, as it compels me to repeat his words. "If," ſaid he, "Sir Philip denies my humble requeſt, tell him I demand to ſee him."

"*Sir Philip.* Demand to ſee me! Well, his *high* command ſhall be obeyed then *(ſarcaſtically)*; bid him approach.

[*Exit* EVERGREEN.

Enter HENRY.

"*Sir Philip.* By what title, ſir, do you thus intrude on me?

"*Henry.* By one of an imperious nature, the title of a creditor.

"*Sir Philip.* I *your* debtor!

"*Henry.* Yes; for you owe me juſtice. You, perhaps, withhold from me the ineſtimable treaſure of a parent's bleſſing.

"*Sir Philip.* *(impatiently)* To the buſineſs that brought you hither.

"*Henry.* Thus then—I believe this is your ſignature *(producing a bond.)*

"*Sir Philip.* Ah! *(recovering himſelf)* it is——

"*Henry.* Affixed to a bond of 1000l. which by aſſignment is mine. By virtue of this I diſcharge the debt of your worthy tenant Aſhfield; who, it ſeems, was guilty of the crime of vindicating the injured and protecting the unfortunate. Now, Sir Philip, the retribution my hate demands is, that what remains of this obligation may not be now paid to me, but wait your entire convenience and leiſure.

" *Sir Philip.* No; that muſt not be.

" *Henry.* Oh, ſir, why thus oppreſs an innocent man?—why ſpurn from you a heart that pants to ſerve you?—No anſwer, farewell *(going)*.

" *Sir Philip.* Hold—one word before we part—tell me—I dread to aſk it *(aſide)*, how came you poſſeſſed of this bond?

" *Henry.* A ſtranger, whoſe kind benevolence ſtept in, and ſaved———

" *Sir Philip.* His name?

" *Henry.* Morrington.

" *Sir Philip.* Friend! tormentor! has he caught me!—You have ſeen this Morrington?

" *Henry.* Yes.

" *Sir Philip.* Did he ſpeak of me?

" *Henry.* He did—and of your daughter. " Conjure him," ſaid he, " not to ſacrifice the lovely Emma by a marriage her heart revolts at." Tell him the life and fortune of a parent are not his own. He holds them but in truſt for his offspring. Bid him reflect, that while his daughter merits the brighteſt rewards a father can beſtow, ſhe is by that father doomed to the harſheſt fate tyranny can inflict.

" *Sir Philip* Torture! *(with vehemence)*. Did he ſay who cauſed this ſacrifice?

" *Henry.* He told me you had been duped of your fortune by ſharpers.

" *Sir Philip.* Aye; he knows that well. Young man, mark me—This Morrington, whoſe precepts wear the face of virtue, and whoſe practice ſeems benevolence, was the chief of the helliſh banditti that ruined me.

" *Henry.* Is it poſſible?

" *Sir Philip.* That bond you hold in your hand was obtained by robbery.

" *Henry.* Confuſion!

" *Sir Philip.* Not by the thief who, encountering you as a man, ſtakes life againſt life, but by that moſt cowardly villain, who, in the moment when reaſon ſleeps and paſſion is rouſed, draws his ſnares around you, and hugs you to ruin, then fattening on the ſpoil, inſults the victim he has made.

" *Henry.* On your ſoul is Morrington that man?

" *Sir Philip.* On my ſoul he is.

"*Henry.* Thus then I annihilate the deteſted act—and thus I tread upon a villain's friendſhip *(tearing the bond).*

"*Sir Philip.* Raſh boy! What have you done?

"*Henry.* An act of juſtice to Sir Philip Blandford.

"*Sir Philip.* For which you claim my thanks?

"*Henry.* Sir, I am thanked already—here *(pointing to his heart.)* Curſe on ſuch wealth; compared with its poſſeſſion poverty is ſplendour. Fear not for me—I ſhall not feel the piercing cold; for in that man whoſe heart beats warmly for his fellow creatures, the blood circulates with freedom—my food ſhall be what few of the pampered ſons of greatneſs can boaſt of, the luſcious bread of independence; and the opiate that brings me ſleep, will be the recollection of the day paſſed in innocence.

"*Sir Philip.* Noble boy! Oh! Blandford!

"*Henry.* Ah!

"*Sir Philip.* What have I ſaid?

"*Henry.* You called me Blandford.

"*Sir Philip.* 'Twas error—'Twas madneſs.

"*Henry.* Blandford! a thouſand hopes and fears ruſh on my heart. Diſcloſe to me my birth—be what it may, I am your ſlave for ever; refuſe me, you create a foe, firm and implacable as——

"*Sir Philip.* Ah! am I threatened? Do not extinguiſh the ſpark of pity my breaſt is warmed with.

"*Henry.* I will not. Oh, forgive me.

"*Sir Philip.* Yes, on one condition—leave me. Ah! ſome one approaches. Begone, I inſiſt—I entreat.

"*Henry.* That word has charmed me. I obey, Sir Philip—you may hate, but you ſhall reſpect me." [*Exit.*

We will gratify our readers with tranſcribing a little of the witty language of Aſhfield.

Enter ASHFIELD.

"*Sir Philip.* Come hither. I believe you hold a farm of mine?

"*Aſhfield.* Ees, zur, I do, at your zarvice.

"*Sir Philip.* I hope a profitable one?

"*Aſhfield.* Zometimes it be, zur. But this year it be all t'other way as 'twur—but I do hope as our landlords have a

tightiſh big lump of the good, they'll be zo kind hearted as to take a little bit of the bad.

" *Sir Philip.* " It is but reaſonable—I conclude then you are in my debt.

" *Aſhfield.* Ees, zur, I be—at your zarvice.

" *Sir Philip.* How much?

" *Aſhfield.* Sir, I do owe ye a hundred and fifty pounds—at your zarvice.

" *Sir Philip.* Which you can't pay.

" *Aſhfield.* Not a varthing, zur—at your zarvice.

" *Sir Philip.* Well, I am willing to give you every indulgence.

" *Aſhfield.* Be you, zur? that be deadly kind. Dear heart! it will make my auld dame quite young again, and I don't think helping a poor man will do your honour's health any harm—I don't indeed, zur—I had a thought of ſpeaking to your worſhip about it—but then thinks I, the gentleman mayhap be one of thoſe that do like to do a good turn, and not have a word zaid about it—zo, zur, if you had not mentioned what I owed you, I am zure I never ſhould—ſhould not indeed, zur.

" *Sir Philip.* Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on condition——

" *Aſhfield.* Ees, zur.

" *Sir Philip.* On condition, I ſay, you inſtantly turn out that boy—that Henry.

" *Aſhfield.* Turn out Henry!—Ha, ha, ha! Excuſe my tittering, zur; but you bees making your vun of I, zure.

" *Sir Philip.* I am not apt to trifle—ſend him inſtantly from you, or take the conſequences.

" *Aſhfield.* Turn out Henry! I do vow I ſhou'dn't knaw how to zet about it—I ſhould not indeed, zur.

" *Sir Philip.* You hear my determination. If you diſobey, you know what will follow—I'll leave you to reflect on it.

[*Exit.*

" *Aſhfield.* Well, zur, I'll argufy the topic, and then you may wait upon me, and I'll tell ye. (*Makes the motion of turning out*)—I ſhou'd be deadly awkward at it vor zartain—however, I'll put the caſe.—Well! I goes whiztling whoam—noa, drabbit it! I ſhou'dn't be able to whiztle a bit, I'm zure. Well! I goes whoam, and I ſees Henry zitting by my wife,

wife, mixing up ſomeit to comfort the the wold zool, and take away the pain of her rheumatics.—Very well! Then Henry places a chair vor I by the vire zïde, and zays—"Varmer, the horſes be fed, the ſheep be folded, and you have nothing to do but to zit down, ſmoke your pipe, and be happy!" Very well! *(becomes affected)*. Then I zays—"Henry, you be poor and friendleſs, zo you muſt turn out of my houze directly." Very well! then my wife ſtares at I—reaches her hand towards the vire place, and throws the poker at my head. Very well! then Henry gives a kind of aguiſh ſhake, and getting up, ſighs from the bottom of his heart—then holding up his head like a king, zays—"Varmer, I have too long been a burthen to you—Heaven protect you as you have me.—Farewell! I go." Then I ſays, "If thee doez I'll be domn'd" *(with great energy)*. Hollo! you Miſter Sir Philip! you may come in.

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD.

Zur, I have argufied the topic, and it wou'dn't be pratty—zo I can't.

"*Sir Philip.* Can't! abſurd!

"*Aſhfield.* Well, zur, there is but another word—I won't.

"*Sir Philip.* Indeed!

"*Aſhfield.* No, zur, I won't—I'd zee myſelf hang'd firſt, and you too, zur—I wou'd indeed *(bowing)*.

"*Sir Philip.* You refuſe then to obey.

"*Aſhfield.* I do zur—at your zarvice *(bowing)*.

"*Sir Philip.* Then the law muſt take its courſe.

"*Aſhfield.* I be zorry for that too—I be indeed, zur; but if corn wou'dn't grow I cou'dn't help it; it wer'n't poiſon'd by the hand that zow'd it. Thic hand, zur, be as free from guilt as your own.

"*Sir Philip.* Oh! *(ſighing deeply)*.

"*Aſhfield.* It were never held out to clinch a hard bargain, nor will it turn a good lad out into the wide wicked world, becauſe he be pooriſh a bit. I be zorry you be offended, zur, quite—but come what wool, I'll never hit thic hand againſt here, but when I be zure that zomeit at inzide will jump againſt it with pleaſure *(bowing)*. I do hope you'll repent of all your zins—I do indeed, zur; and if you thou'd, I'll come and [illegible] friendly as ever—I wool, indeed, zur.

"*S*

" *Sir Philip.* Your repentance will come too late! [*Exit.*
" *Aſhfield.* Thank ye, zur—good morning to you—I do hope I have made myzel agreeable—and ſo I'll go whoam.
[*Exit.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The pieces by *Carolus*—by *J. F. of Hackney*—by *Reg. Juvenis*—and the *Addreſs to the Moon*, ſhall receive inſertion. The laſt particularly meets our approbation, and we ſhall be glad to receive from the ſame quarter ſimilar contributions. We wiſh our Correſpondents in general to pay greater attention to their poetical communications. The wooer of the muſes ſhould recollect that *rhyming* is not poetry.

Lines on a Diamond—to Miſs Y. ſhall have admiſſion; but *On ſeeing the Fields in Spring*, is too imperfect for inſertion. The talents of its author, however, are deſerving of cultivation. The *Explanation of the Calendar* ſhall have a place in our MISCELLANY.

The requeſt of Y. Z. ſhall be complied with reſpecting the *Annual Necrology*. We ſhall thank J. C. for a ſketch of the *General*, and alſo for his likeneſs, which ſhall be taken due care of and ſpeedily returned. The manuſcript *Tour* has been left long ago at No. 20, Paternoſter Row.

We hope that both *Emma* and *Sophia*, will favour us with more of their communications.

We have the pleaſure to inform our Readers, that the next Volume commences with a *New Type*, caſt by CASLON: in *this*, as well as in other inſtances, we are ſtudious of their gratification. We are happy indeed in ſaying, that the increaſing ſale of the VISITOR puts it in our power thus to augment the means of their entertainment.